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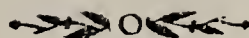
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GRANDFATHER and GRANDMOTHER

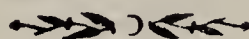
HOWSER

and

SOME FRIENDS



Their Lives and Times

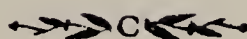


Compiled

by

M. L. H.

M. L. Howser



PEORIA, ILLINOIS

1926

1638641

Camp Cinnabari

J. M. L. N.

The Cabin,
Oct. 12, 1926.



GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER
HOWSER

GRANDFATHER and GRANDMOTHER
HOWSER

and

SOME FRIENDS

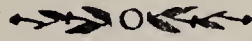
Dedicated
to the
Grandchildren

1870

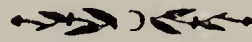
THE
1870

GRANDFATHER and GRANDMOTHER
HOWSER

and
SOME FRIENDS



Their Lives and Times



Compiled
by
M. L. H.



PEORIA, ILLINOIS
1926

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Peoria, Ill.

1926

P R E F A C E



TO THE GRANDCHILDREN: Within a very few years, it will have been a full century since your Grandfather and Grandmother Howser began to live; and even an imperfect account of their lives and times, and short biographies of some of their pioneer neighbors, should be interesting and profitable to you and your children. I believe, too, that if they could know of it, they would be pleased that someone had compiled even so modest a little book as this one is.

To those who have prepared special articles; to the editor of the *Emden News*; to the friends who have permitted the use of biographies already published in the local paper; and, especially, to Mrs. Flora A. McCormick, whose researches and help have made this little collection possible; our best thanks are due.

I remember that as a schoolboy I thought the foot-notes in the old Barnes' History were much more interesting and informative than the text; so if you enjoy the articles that are appended more than you do the part I have written, it will not be hard for me to forgive you. If the first person, singular pronoun seems unduly prominent in my portion, you are reminded of the reason Mark Twain gave for not using the editorial "we".

As pioneers, your grandparents and their contemporaries lived and wrought in heroic times; and the courage, faith, fortitude, steadfastness, industry and economy which they displayed ought to be an inspiration to you in the building of your own lives and characters.

In their development and progress, they struggled against difficulties which you will never have to meet; but I think they have set you a pattern which will require your very best efforts to equal. That you try with all your might to be worthy of them is the best wish of,

Your affectionate uncle,
M. L. H.

JAMES AND FRANCES
HOWSER



1857

JAMES WILSON HOWSER

ANCESTORS AND EARLY LIFE

ABRAHAM HOUSER came from Germany in 1760, and settled in Maryland. He was a Dunkard preacher, a miller, and a distiller. It is claimed that he preached without pay, as was customary in that church, ran a water mill for a livelihood, and devoted the profits from his still to charity. In 1770, he married Nancy Rhorer; and to them were born twelve children—nine boys and three girls.

The first son of Abraham and Nancy Rhorer Houser was born in 1771, and named Jacob. He married Mary Hoover, and they removed to Kentucky, in the days of Daniel Boone. After arriving there, they traveled about for some time in their covered wagon, looking for a satisfactory place to live, and finally located permanently at Mt. Eden, a settlement near Shelbyville. During the peregrinations, they acquired twin sons who were born in different states. One evening, in northern Tennessee, a camp was hurriedly made by the roadside—and a son was born. Not liking the location, they drove on several miles to a better camping place. Here, to the surprise of all, another son appeared. It was later found that in moving from one camp to the other they had crossed the state line into Kentucky.

Solomon Howser, as he spelled the name, was the son of Jacob and Mary Hoover Houser, and was born in 1801 at Mt. Eden. A few years ago, when your aunt and I motored down there, we found it to be a quiet little place of two stores, a church, a mill and a few houses. The people were very friendly, and seemed to take a lot of pleasure in giving us information about those of our name who had formerly lived there, and in helping us find the ones who remained. Some distant relatives, who had never even heard of us before, with true Kentucky hospitality, insisted that we make them an extended visit, and really seemed to be disappointed when we said that it would not be possible for us to do so.

Solomon Howser married Elizabeth Bixler. Three children were born to them—Harrison, Nancy and John Allen. The last mentioned was the only one of them I ever knew. His children were Frank, Alice, John Logan, Nellie and Allen. They lived in the edge of the timber about six miles from our home; and one of the treats of our childhood was going "over to Uncle John's", and the visits they made us in return. Elizabeth Bixler Howser died at Mt. Eden in 1838.

Some time after the death of his wife, Solomon Howser decided to go up to a settlement called Eminence in Logan County, Illinois. It was in the timber, about four miles west of the present site of Atlanta, and several families that had formerly resided at Mt. Eden were living there.

In his earlier years, his family had spoken only the German language in the home, and he was nearly grown before he could speak English without an accent. On his journey to Illinois, as he used to tell, he stopped one day at the home of a German family in which there were several nearly-grown daughters, and asked in English for the loan of a bucket with which to water his horses. Assuming that he could not understand German, these girls discussed him with considerable freedom, speculating on who he was and where he was going, and noting about him the points in a man that are interesting to marriagable young women. Finally, one said that she believed he was a widower looking for a wife, that she had seen him first, and that the rest should keep off her preserves. She added that when she got him she would cure some of the defects which, by that time, the others were so industriously pointing out to her. While apparently busy with his team, he listened to her shrewd guesses and her sisters' bantering remarks, with some amusement but a blank expression.

until ready to return the pail, and then he thanked her very elaborately—in German. They went away from there—right now.

One of the families that had gone from Mt. Eden to Eminence was that of John and Sarah Phillips Hawes. He was the son of a Revolutionary soldier who had been with Washington at Valley Forge, and, later, had also followed Boone into Kentucky. She, too, was of Revolutionary stock. They came to Illinois in 1835. Mr. Hawes was a farmer, kept a store, and for twenty-five years was postmaster at Eminence. For twelve years of that time, he was a Justice of the Peace, an office of some importance in those days. It appears that he had considerable natural ability, possessed a character that inspired confidence, was somewhat better informed than the average, and, consequently, was a leader in his community.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawes were the parents of four sons and eight daughters. One daughter, Nancy, proved so attractive to Solomon Howser, and he wooed her so successfully, that they were married. To show his appreciation of the prize he had won, your great-grandfather built an unusually good house for that day—a two-story dwelling made of hewn logs. It was still standing within my memory, but has since been torn down.

In this house, on May 16, 1840, your grandfather was born.

A few months later, his mother died; and he was taken into the home of her parents. Of his aunts, upon whom his care principally devolved, I only knew Elizabeth, Catherine, Sarah Ann and Susan, who were known to us, respectively, as Aunt "Betsy" Howser, Aunt "Kitty" Bruner, Aunt Sarah Ann Miller and Aunt "Sue" Keefer. Of the sons, only John Hawes, Jr., was known to us; and it seems a bit queer to us to speak of him as "Junior", because he was an elderly man when we first knew him.

All of them must have been very kind and indulgent to "Jimmy", to secure the affection and loyalty he always showed for them. That he gained a similar regard from them was indicated in later years when, while they would sometimes themselves suggest that he might have been a trifle spoiled and wilful, they never would encourage others to criticize him.

He attended such schools as were found in those days, when he became old enough; and he must have been a pretty good student, for he learned to cypher to the Rule of Three, acquired a John Hancock style of penmanship, and became a better speller than any of his children ever did. In his later years, he related many adventures and romances of his schoolboy days, in some of which he was the hero with reverse English. We never knew just what part of these stories was truth, nor how much was fiction invented for our entertainment; but we could scarcely doubt that he had been what would now be called "a live wire", nor that he had evolved as many kinds of mischief as Heinz has pickles.

He seems then, as in his later years, to have enjoyed accomplishing the difficult, and the winning of deserved applause; for he has often told how the first time he was permitted to go hunting alone, but the idea of his being able to kill a deer was treated as a joke, he succeeded; and of how he strutted into his grandfather's store to announce his triumph.

When he became a little older, he grew ambitious to make money and to acquire property on his own account. He first got a job at \$6 a month, and then worked for some of his relatives on shares. Probably the family was inclined to take pride in his ambition, energy and industry, and, when trading with him, continued to be somewhat indulgent.

Before the railroads were built, what little produce, grain and meat the pioneers could spare had to be hauled to Peoria or Pekin, on the Illinois River, the round trip usually taking three days. The few supplies they bought were freighted in from the same places. The mails were carried on horseback; and the weekly paper, after being read aloud at the store, was passed around until it was worn out.

The cloth from which their clothing was made was woven and fashioned into garments by the women. Itinerant cobblers visited their homes, in turn, to make their boots and shoes. The fireplaces and candles furnished them with light. Local water mills supplied them with flour and corn meal. Cooking was done in the fireplaces; and about the only utensils they used for that purpose were iron pots, skillets and Dutch ovens. Corn bread, hoe cakes, mush, hominy, vegetables, game, fish and wild fruits, were their principal foods. The variety seems small to us, and their methods of preparation crude; but clean, wholesome and active lives gave them good appetites; and cooking done in open fireplaces imparted a flavor to the food that was lost under more modern methods; so, in later years, they often yearned for meals prepared in the good old way.

When a young man wished to court a girl, he asked to "set up" with her, or to be her escort on hayrack or wagonbox excursions. They rode horseback when conditions permitted, the girls using side-saddles and wearing long riding-skirts. If a girl then had worn knickers or ridden astride, she would have been considered too bold for anything; it just wasn't done.

The earliest settlers lived in or along the edge of the timber; and at that time few believed that living on the prairies, especially during the long hard winters, would ever be practicable. About the time your grandfather was growing up, the coming of railroads and sawmills, which permitted the shipping in of pine lumber and the sawing of the native trees, made it comparatively easy to haul the material and build houses away from the timber. Some then began to venture out on the prairies, the first owners buying the land from the government at \$1.25 an acre.

Solomon Howser and Jeremiah Miller were among the first to settle and start homes in Bethel Neighborhood on Delavan Prairie. Uncle Jerry had married Sarah Ann Hawes, already mentioned as one of your grandfather's aunts. From things Father has said, I think they and other relatives gave him considerable help in the way of advice, employment and opportunities to get ahead. He must have done pretty well, too, for at the close of the war he bought the 80 acre farm his father owned, and, soon after, the 80 just east of it. The county records show that the two tracts cost him \$4,500. It is quite possible that some money which your grandmother received from her father helped in paying for the farm.

Just when he finally left his grandfather's home is not clear, but we have every reason to believe that he was welcome there as long as it was maintained. Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Hawes, which he had, indicate that they were a rather distinguished-looking couple. Mr. Hawes was interested in both religion and politics; and was a warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. Father remembered a letter which his grandfather received from Mr. Lincoln thanking him for a campaign contribution of \$5, and discussing the chances they had of winning an election. He also remembered that before he was old enough to go alone he accompanied Mr. Hawes to hear Lincoln speak. Your great-great-grandfather's faith in the Republican party endured to the end of his life. In 1872, he and his thirty-two descendants who were voters went to the polls and voted for U. S. Grant; and he then anticipated Ethel Barrymore by fifty years in saying, "That's all there is; there isn't any more". He died the next year; and Solomon Howser, one year later.

Here is a good place to tell a rare thing—a Lincoln story that has never been published. Your grandfather had an older cousin with the same name who lived near Kickapoo Creek. To distinguish them, one was called "Kickapoo Jim" and the other "Prairie Jim". The law then provided that cultivated fields must be fenced in, so stock could be turned out on the prairies to graze. These animals sometimes strayed away, and became lost; and when such a one was taken up, it must be advertised. Once, both the cousin and a neighbor lost a mule. One was advertised, and both claimed him. It was agreed to decide the matter in a friendly lawsuit. "Kickapoo Jim" secured Mr. Lincoln as his attorney, and they won the mule. At Mr. Lincoln's suggestion, however, he continued to watch for an advertisement of a mule answering the same descrip-

tion. One appeared, and it proved to be his own animal; so he returned to the neighbor the mule he had won in the lawsuit.

Another Lincoln story that I have never seen printed was related to me, years ago, by Hon. James T. Hoblit of Lincoln, Ill.: When he was a boy, he was called as a witness for the defendant in a suit growing out of damages done by a bull that had broken into an enclosed field. Mr. Lincoln was attorney for the plaintiff. In his cross-examination of young Hoblit, he brought out some facts which the boy did not wish to tell. After the case had been decided, and the witness was feeling much humiliated over the disclosures he had made, Mr. Lincoln came to him, placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said: "I did not like to make you tell those things you wanted to hide; but you wouldn't lie, and I am proud of you for it; stick to your principles, and you will succeed". Judge Hoblit said that in his later years he had got a lot of satisfaction out of having received the commendation of that great man.

The only illegal act which your grandfather ever acknowledged having committed, to my knowledge, was voting for Abraham Lincoln in 1860, a few months before he was twenty-one years of age. At that time Father wore a beard, and appeared older than he really was. The only one at the polls who knew his exact age was an uncle who was acting as a Judge of the election. This uncle was induced to leave the polls on some pretext, and your grandfather cast his ballot without having the vote challenged. He never seemed to feel that there was any moral turpitude connected with this exploit, because he was only voting as he was willing to shoot, if that became necessary—and Lincoln might have needed his vote!



1857

FRANCES AMANDA SUMMERS ANCESTORS AND EARLY LIFE

(Flora A. McCormick)

YOUR grandmother was the daughter of Dr. Jefferson L. and Charlotte Carnahan Summers, and was born near Greenville, the county-seat of Darke County, Ohio, on August 28, 1840.

Her father, who came to Ohio when a young man, was born at Summersville, Pennsylvania, and was the son of Eli Summers. His father, David Summers, originally lived in Fairfield County, Conn. He left there in 1787 for New Jersey. In the fall of 1793, he passed through the section of country that surrounds New Milford, Pa., and, liking the location, secured a cabin from a hunter. The next year, he brought his wife and five young sons to the new home. It was in a pretty little valley one-and-a-half miles from New Milford, and he named it Summersville.

Her mother, born February 16, 1812, was the daughter of William T. and Francis Carnahan. His parents came from Virginia to Ohio about 1797. In 1812, he enlisted in the Indian War, and fought in the Battle of Tippecanoe, where The Prophet, Tecumseh's brother, was defeated by Gen. Harrison. He was also in the Battle of the Thames in Canada, where Tecumseh was defeated and killed.

Dr. Jefferson L. Summers and Charlotte Carnahan were married about 1834. In 1850, with their five children, they moved to a new home near Shelbyville, Ind. Two years later, they came to Illinois and settled on the prairie about one mile northwest of the present site of Minier.

He was a practicing physician and a farmer. At one time, he owned a brick-kiln. In his practice, he usually rode horseback, and carried his medicines in the saddle-bags. The only roads at that time were trails, and our grandmother has told how she often put a light in the window at nights to guide him across the prairie. There was quite a settlement of Germans there; so he bought a German Bible and dictionary, and learned enough of that language so they could understand him when he spoke to them in their native tongue.

The mother was a tailoress, and kept very busy making clothes for both the members of her own family and for others. Ready-made clothing could not be purchased at that time. She was also an expert knitter, and could finish a child's stocking in a day. Then she used to spin, and weave the cloth from which the clothing for the family was made, as was then commonly done.

Frances was the fourth in a family of five children; the others being, in the order of their ages—Alcinda, who was my mother, Elias, Valentine, and William. When she was a young girl at home, there was a creek not far from the house, and the boys had been warned not to go in it for fear of drowning. One day, the mother caught them in it, and, while she was whipping the older boys, the youngest picked up his clothes, ran to the house as fast as he could, and said, "O, Frank, dress me quick and save me from the killing"; and she did.

The children in this family had the advantage of receiving instructions from George W. Minier, a noted educator in that day, and for many years a prominent minister in the Christian church. All except William became teachers. Frances taught school before her marriage to your grandfather, and while he was in the army. At an early age, she united with the Christian Church at Little Mackinaw.

CIVIL WAR EXPERIENCES

YOUR grandfather was married before his enlistment in the army, but his life there relates so much to himself that it seems best to tell of it first.

That genuine patriotism and not a wish for adventure or excitement caused him to volunteer is indicated by his waiting to see if he were really needed. He was ambitious, just getting established as a farmer, and had a young wife and child to leave; so a powerful motive must have been required to induce him to go.

When a regiment of volunteers was to be raised to serve in the Civil War, meetings were announced for various points and everybody invited to attend. Lively and patriotic music was furnished by a fife-and-drum corps, and speeches were made in which all men of suitable age were urged to rally to the support of the government. It was probably at such a meeting that he and others of his company joined the colors in the summer of 1862. They were sent to camp, equipped as soon as possible, and for many weeks strenuously drilled.

He would never talk about his army life very much, so we have but little first-hand information regarding it. Knowing that he had served through the entire time with Mr. J. W. Sumner, I wrote to Cousin Webb for information about their war experiences. In answer, he sent me a little old leather-covered diary, and wrote:

"I have concluded to send you the small diary I kept as well as I could during our ups and downs while in the army. You will see that it is about sixty-four years old. I just had to jot down our experiences as chance to do so occurred.

"To complete it, I will say that we were mustered out of the service at Pine Bluff, Ark., on July 12, 1865. We marched fifty miles across to the White river to get a boat for Cairo, Ill., and finally arrived at Camp Butler, Ill., July 24, 1865. Here, we received our pay, and were discharged for Home Sweet Home.

"Your father was one of us through all these rounds. We had traveled by boats, railroads, and on foot through mud and swamps, some six-thousand miles. I will just add that we went to Vicksburg with 900 men. When we came back to Helena and got marching orders for Little Rock, 250 were all that got in line. The rest were either dead or in the hospital.

"At one time, your father was sick in the hospital at Helena, Ark., as was I. Your mother came down to see him, bringing Louvern, then a babe. My brother, Thompson, came with her. Your father got able to go home with her; and later, I got a furlow too.

"These were the officers of Company F, 106 Ill. Vol. Inf.:

Colonel—R. B. Latham.

First Lieut.—James I. Ewing.

Sergeants—

B. F. Sumner.
John Rhodes.
A. F. Gordon.
H. A. Barker.
L. Stackhouse.

Captain—Wm. Beezley.

Second Lieut.—John R. Ash.

Corporals—

B. F. Smith.
J. F. Russum.
James W. Howser.
Wm. Cartright.
W. L. Jones.
P. W. Howser.
W. J. Martin.
J. W. Sumner.

"Captain Beezley and Lieuts. Ewing and Ash served all through the war; and that was something unusual. The Sergeants and Corporals were promoted during the war. Your father was promoted to Third Sergeant.

"I was sorry to hear of your father's death. We were good friends. Please be careful of my little book. Excuse my writing as my hands are not so steady as they once were. I am in my 87th year."

DIARY

1862

Nov. 7: Left Camp Latham and arrived at Alton, Ill., about 8 o'clock at night. Got aboard steamer Metropolitan for Columbus, Ky. Stopped at St. Louis, about 20 miles from Alton, for two hours.

Nov. 9: Arrived at Columbus, distance 250 miles; stayed all night; then got aboard cars again.

Nov. 10: Arrived at Jackson, Tenn., and struck our tents. Nothing of any note occurred in this month excepting that the hogs and cattle suffered.

Dec. 6: Moved into the town of Jackson. Quartered at the Court House where John A. Murrel was condemned. Had a good time here generally, but things were quiet for awhile.

Dec. 15: Quite an excitement in town today. Rumors of Gen. Forrest marching on Jackson with 20,000 men. Gen. Sullivan sends to Corinth for reinforcements.

Dec. 16: Commenced to build breastworks. All business houses closed. No citizen allowed on the streets. Reinforcements came, and we are all ready for a fight; but no attack today.

Dec. 17: No fight yet, and no hopes of any.

Dec. 18: Increased excitement. Skirmishing in the afternoon. Reported loss on our side of 100 men and two pieces of artillery. The enemy's strength supposed to be 30,000.

* * * * *

Dec. 26: Went to Trenton. Nothing of much note transpired the rest of this month excepting preparations for New Years dinner.

1863

Jan. 1: Had a splendid dinner. All ate hearty and had a jolly time. We did not do anything the rest of this month but forage, which was carried on with life.

* * * * *

June 1: Started for Vicksburg. Laid two nights and one day at Memphis.—June 2: Got on board boat at 12 o'clock. We were fired into by a band of guerrillas at the head of Island No. 63. C. Beezley of our company was instantly killed; and three others wounded, none fatally.

June 4: Landed fifty miles up the Yazoo River, and ordered in line of battle. Heavy skirmishing on the front.—June 5: Rebel battery opened on our gunboat. Three shots from our gunboat silenced the battery.—June 6: Orders to march. Started at 11 A. M. for Haines Bluff. The weather was very warm, and a great many of our boys were sunstruck.

* * * * *

July 4: Pemberton surrendered his entire force of 27,000 men to Gen. Grant.

* * * * *

Sept. 18: Went to the hospital at Memphis, Tenn.—Sept. 27: Tomp [his brother] came to Memphis, and Frank [your grandmother] and Wm. Summers. [her brother]—Oct. 5: Tomp started home.

Nov. 7: Spent the day in Memphis; went to market in company with J. Bowen; the assembly was large, and the sales fast; my weight, 152 pounds.—Nov. 8: On guard at the magazine. Received a letter from home.—Nov. 9: My name taken for furlo.—Nov. 10: Went to Memphis and spent the day; bought a hat, cost \$2.50.

Nov. 14: Went after word.—Nov. 15: Received my furlo and started for home. Got aboard the steamer and left Memphis at 5 P. M.—Nov. 16: On my way to Cairo; got on board cars at 1 P. M.

* * * * *

Dec. 14: Started for the regiment.—Dec. 16: Arrived at Cairo and got on the steamer St. Patrick for Memphis.—Dec. 18: Got on Steamer R. E. Hill and went to Helena, Ark.

* * * * *

1864.

Jan. 8: David O. Dodd was executed today at 3 P. M. for being a spy. He pleaded that he was not guilty until the last, and then he owned that he was guilty.

* * * * *

Feb. 1: Drew six months' pay, \$77.10. Sent \$60 home.—March 18: Two men executed for hanging Union men.

Mch. 23: Gen. Steel's expedition left Little Rock for Camden, 20,000 strong. Whipped the Rebs and marched into Camden. Stayed there until their rations gave out.—Mch. 28: Left Little Rock with supplies for Gen. Steel's army. Went eleven miles and met the army. They gave us three hearty cheers when they saw the rations.

* * * * *

May 25: Camped at the bridge across the Big Chadron. Our rations was one hardtack.—May 26: Laid by and went foraging. Got plenty of bacon and tobacco, and enough meal to make an eight-gallon kettel full of mush. Made a seine and went fishing. Had fisherman's luck, as usual—tired limbs, and a hungry gut.

* * * * *

June 25: Ordered to Clarendon. Got on the steamer Platte Valley and started in company with five other transports and three gunboats. The Rebs have blockaded the river at Clarendon, about forty miles from Devalls Bluff. They have sunk one gunboat, taking the crew prisoners.

June 26: Landed at 9 A. M. Formed in line of battle and marched out. We found the Rebs posted in the edge of the timber some three-quarters of a mile from the landing. Had to go through a cornfield to get to them, and while we were advancing through this field the enemy opened on us with their artillery, doing little damage. Company F. of our regiment was ordered forward as skirmishers. By this time the Rebs began to fall back. They retreated to Piketown, planted their artillery, and let loose at us again. They soon had to pull stakes and skedaddle, leaving one piece of artillery. By this time we had advanced two miles, and, it being very warm, a great many of our men were overcome with the heat. We stopped here and took dinner, about 2 o'clock, the Rebs eating their dinner about half a mile away. Was ordered forward, and skirmished for about half a mile. Then the Rebs beat a hasty retreat.

June 27: We followed them up, had one little skirmish, and then heard of them no more.—June 28: We had to return to the landing to get grub, having had but one meal since we left. Heavily reinforced with hardtack.

June 29: Arrived at Clarendon. Illuminated the town by burning every house in it. We had twenty men wounded, some fatally. The Rebel loss is twenty men killed and sixty wounded. The Rebel Colonel Shank had his leg shot off. Got aboard a steamer and landed at Devalls Bluff at 10 o'clock at night. The country passed through on this trip was swampy, and we had to wade mud and water shoe-mouth deep more than half of the time. The country was almost destitute of inhabitants and catables.

* * * * *

July 4: We had a dry old time.

* * * * *

Aug. 21: Left Brownsville for Pine Bluff, going by way of Little Rock.—Aug. 22: Landed at Pine Bluff, having come 115 miles.—Sept. 12: Corp'l James F. Russum died.—Sept. 23: William Hicks was executed, charged with being a spy.—Oct. 23: Commenced cutting logs to build winter quarters.—Nov. 18: Lieut. Col. John M. Hart died at Pine Bluff.

1865.

Feb. 10: Detailed as clerk at Deserters Camp, Pine Bluff, Ark.

(End)

The very brevity of this little diary makes it seem expressive and eloquent to me.

I don't think Cousin Webb will object to my mentioning that his little book contained a page of good old maxims, written in a copper-plate hand. But I shall never whisper that it also had in it a copy of a letter, apparently to a young lady. I'll wager any reasonable sum, though, that it and her vision of him in uniform, with big brass buttons and everything, were effective. In our old, family album is a picture of him which indicates that he was an upstanding and rather attractive young chap.

After going through such experiences together, and then living for many years almost within speaking distance, it is not surprising that they were good friends, nor that among the few letters your grandfather kept were some he had received from Cousin Webb.



LIFE ON THE OLD HOME FARM

THE old Family Bible record says that "James W. Howser of Atlanta, Ill., and Frances A. Summers of Minier, Ill., were married at Bloomington, Feb. 16, 1861, by Judge Marion."

None of the details of their romance have ever been related to me, so I know only the bare facts given above. We do know, however, that in those days engagements were rarely announced, and it was thought real cute to surprise as many of the friends as possible.

Both have told how your grandfather accompanied another girl to church services for several evenings previous to the wedding day, and when leaving her the last time remarked that she need not look for him the next night, because he was to be married that day, and his wife would probably expect him to stay at home with her. It would seem that the young lady was expecting something of the kind, since she enjoyed the joke and they remained the best of friends.

During 1861 and part of 1862, he farmed in partnership with his brother. On his return from the army in 1865, they bought part of the old home farm, and immediately began housekeeping there.

The first house they lived in on the old home farm was built of native lumber. The frame was hewn out with axes, and its parts fastened together with wooden pins. Boards running up and down, with bats covering the cracks, formed the sides. When we knew it as the "old shop", it did not appear ever to have been plastered. On one side of the main part of this house, there was a shed made of two-inch black-walnut boards. This shed was detached, later, moved down to the barn lot, fastened to the granary, and used as a pigpen. On several occasions in later years, your grandfather ripped a board off the side of this shed, dressed it nicely with a plane, and fashioned it into a casket for an infant that had died in the neighborhood when the condition of the roads made it difficult to secure a "coffin" from town.

The main room of their new home was the living room, with a spare bed in the corner, no doubt, while the shed was the family sleeping quarters. Families then often grew faster than domiciles, and it was customary for children to sleep in trundle-beds. These were very low, and during the daytime were pushed back under the regular beds.

When children, your grandparents had lived in houses with floors made of clay covered with sand, or, at best, the floors were made of puncheons. These were secured by splitting logs, and dressing the flat side with a broadax; so were smooth on one side, while convex and covered with bark on the other. By trimming the edges and placing the smooth sides up, they could be made into a floor that was superior to, and much more stylish than, the sanded dirt ones. The house in question was better yet, for its floor was made of wide planks.

Your grandfather's first stable was made of poles, and the roof thatched with slough grass. The pole walls were double, and stuffed with straw. They made the stable warm enough, but afforded a splendid harbor for rats, the getting rid of which was then quite a problem. Poison was expensive, dangerous and not always at hand; so other means were employed to reduce their number. At one time, at least, he made piles of rails and straw out in open places, and, after the rats had hidden in them, tore them down, killing the rats as they tried to escape. My little dog, Tido, was the champion killer on this and every other occasion, as I stood ready to prove at any time.

I must tell you about Tido. When I was two years old, Uncle Jerry Miller gave Father a little black-and-white pup, of no special breeding, for me. I took him to my heart, and, in spite of the abuse I must have heaped upon him, he

reciprocated my affections. We were boon companions, and I think of him yet as the most cherished non-human possession I've ever had. He was given the conventional name of Fido; but not being clever at pronouncing asperates then, I called him Tido; and Tido he remained during the thirteen years of his life.

One time, when I was of the runaway age, I visited Aunt Alcinda without permission. On my return, Father proceeded to punish me with a peach-tree sprout. When I tried, by the vigor of my cries, to convince him that the punishment he was giving me was plenty severe, and might even be reduced, Tido took me seriously, and, running in, bit your grandfather on the leg. He let me loose to defend himself from the dog, and we both escaped. I shall long remember the expression of understanding and amusement his face wore, soon after, when he caught me making love to Tido and telling him how much I appreciated his intervention.

About 1875, they built the main part of the house that is still on the farm. It was square, full two stories high, well made, painted white, and not much different from the houses of today. The work was done by an old carpenter-preacher, Bro. Stout, and his sons. I don't know how he stacked up either as a preacher or a carpenter; but after the time I threw watermelon rinds in his tool box, I never doubted his efficiency as a spanker.

A building originally intended for a smoke-house was thought on completion to be too good for that purpose, so it was plastered and used as a summer kitchen. When Father bought the Watters 80, a small new house on it was moved over, attached to the main dwelling, and used as a kitchen and dining room. So we then had a nine-room house as good as the average of that day. In the meanwhile, he had built a good barn, painted it red, and decorated it with white bats.

The legislature of Tennessee may be right in holding that the theory of evolution in species is all bunk, but it must admit that the process is quite apparent when we study methods of living. This is well illustrated by the evolution of artificial lighting. Our ancestors, with some variations of course, successively used the fireplaces, grease cups with rag wicks, tallow candles, coaloil lamps, carbide systems, gasoline lamps, and electric lights.

The first way your grandparents had of keeping fruit and vegetables through the winter was to dig a trench, line the sides and bottom with straw, pile in the eatables, place more straw on top, and then cover all with the dirt that had been thrown out. When so handled, the fruit and vegetables would usually neither freeze nor spoil. A hole was made at one end, and when a part of the contents was removed, from time to time, this opening was stuffed with straw. Ask any old-timer about the "apple hole" of his boyhood days and he will know exactly what you mean.

Later, caves were used. To make one of them, an oblong about six by twelve feet was excavated to a depth of four or five feet, the hole lined with heavy planks extending a couple of feet above the surface, a roof formed of heavy lumber or poles, and then all above the ground was covered with the dirt that had been thrown out. The door, at one end, sloped from the roof to the ground; and "sliding down the cellar door" was a cherished childhood sport.

Some years after the new home was built, your grandfather excavated the dirt under one part of it and made a cellar under the house, but it had only an outside entrance. This cellar would often fill with water in the spring of the year to a depth of one or two feet, before we got drain-tile; and one of the joys of my childhood wasn't dipping this water out with a bucket, especially when other water run in with more enthusiasm than I was able to develop.

When your great-grandfather, Solomon Howser, settled on the home farm, he located the buildings about one-eighth of a mile from the west side, and a little farther from the public road running along the south line. It is said he selected this place because it was a good location for a well. He planted soft-maple trees, some of which are still standing, around the house, and a good number of the best varieties of fruit-trees to the north and west of it. West of

this orchard and intended as a windbreak, he set out two long rows of willows by plowing a furrow, laying willow twigs in it, and then partially covering them with dirt from another furrow. The twigs took root and grew; and as far back, as I can remember, they formed dense rows of trees that did very perceptibly temper the wind to us more or less lambs.

Your grandfather brought some hard-maple saplings from the timber about fifty years ago, and set them out in two rows, about forty feet apart, extending from the house to the road. These have become big old trees, and make a beautiful avenue. A few years later, he planted a lot of Russian Mulberry trees directly west from the barn. They now make a nice grove; and in the fall of the year the ripe berries drop off until the ground is nearly covered with the fruit, providing a continuous feast for the birds, squirrels and pigs.

He must have planted a lot of small fruit soon after moving there, because as early as I can remember we had an abundance. There was an abandoned road just west of our farm which became an immense wild-strawberry patch, providing berries of moderate size but of exquisite flavor. Uncle Davie Bowles, whose farm adjoined ours on the north, in an early day planted an orchard which covered fifteen acres of ground, so there would be plenty of fruit for his family "and the neighbors", as he explained. He often sold apples for as little as ten cents a bushel, and then furnished the mill with which they were made into cider.

Nearly every family, each year, had a big garden, a truck patch, a small field of potatoes, a melon patch, and several rows of sweet corn; and raised pumpkins, squash and climbing beans in the corn field. Roasting ears were about as delectable as now, but nothing has been produced since that can compare in goodness with the old-fashioned lye hominy that our mothers made.

Concentrated lye could not then be bought in cans, but in each back yard was an elevated hopper with a trough at the bottom, and in this hopper was placed the wood ashes from the fires. Water poured on top finally soaked down through the contents and ran out the trough into a receptacle below, carrying with it the lye it had washed out of the ashes. The lye-water was used in the preparation of the hominy we children ate with such relish then, and long for so ardently now. The lye was also combined with the grease that had been saved up, to make the soft soap which they used exclusively for laundry purposes.

The neighbors were called in at some time, each winter, and enough hogs butchered so that the meat, when preserved, would last the family through the year. At hog-killing time, they had spare ribs, head cheese and real country sausage; while the hams, shoulders and sides were smoked, put down in brine, or otherwise preserved, for later use.

Occasionally, a fat beef was killed and the carcass divided among the neighbors. The tallow from the bees was made into candles for lighting purposes. A secondary use was rubbing on the boots and shoes to make the leather soft, and impervious to water.

They didn't have fruits and vegetables out of season as we do, but I think they enjoyed them much more in their season. Canned goods were unknown, but they had a variety of dried articles. They had genuine honest-to-goodness home-made bread instead of the tasteless disappointment bakers now turn out. If they didn't have spinach with little to recommend it but the color, they did have great dishes of greens made of mustard and horseradish tops; and when a man had consumed about three generous helpings of these, he knew that he had eaten something with flavor and authority. So far as their food was concerned, they didn't need any of our sympathy.

Probably the local pioneer's greatest hardship was caused by cold weather. The first houses were poorly constructed, fire-wood was scarce, and too much of the heat went up the big chimneys. It was not pleasant to drive several miles to the timber, get heated up while cutting and lifting a load of poles, and then face a cold penetrating wind on the slow drive home. A better plan for

acquiring a cold or pneumonia could scarcely be devised. With the better construction of houses, the opening of coal mines at Lincoln, and the introduction of more efficient stoves, this difficulty was largely overcome.

The first fences on the Prairies were made of poles fastened to posts, or rails laid zigzag fashion and, usually, staked and ridered. Sometimes, boards were nailed to posts; but such fences were too expensive to be extensively used by people who had so little money as those early settlers. Barbed-wire and woven-wire fencing were not invented until long afterwards.

Osage Orange, or Hedge, as they called it, solved the fencing problem of that day. This shrub or tree was a native of Texas. In its struggle for existence on the plains of the southwest, it acquired a powerful tenacity of life, and many thorns. The seeds were found in the hedge-balls which grew on the larger trees. The seedlings were set in rows where fences were desired, and, later, lapped down until the tops were about four feet high. The thick sprouts, with their innumerable thorns, made an effective barrier for stock; and their dark green foliage, when kept trimmed, also made an attractive border for the fields. The trimming of these hedges afforded abundant exercise for the farmer and his help when weather conditions made it impossible to do other farm work.

The first equine motive power your grandfather had on the farm was two, young, dun mares, Lizzie and Emma, familiarly known to my early recollection as Old Liz and Old Em.

The former was an energetic high-strung animal of splendid endurance. She was tractable enough until she became offended about something, and then she balked with complete abandon and singleness of purpose. If tied when the spirit of balkiness struck her, she pulled back on the halter. In her later years, she developed a violent prejudice against coming up to the barn when called, or of allowing any of the rest of the horses to do so if she could prevent it. She gave us many a heart-breaking chase and an understanding of the meaning of a modern phrase that is expressive if somewhat inelegant and slangy, "hard to ketch."

Old Em was a darker dun, with a dark stripe down her back. She tried to imitate her coworker and chum, as girls will; but not having the constitution, or bottom, or something, became real stiff in the joints of her legs. That didn't effect her value as a work animal nor her spirits, however; and in her old age when she tried to act frisky on what she thought were proper occasions, she was not unlike some aged flappers of today who bob their hair and try to act coy in spite of wrinkles and paint. For all that, she was a splendid brood mare. Old Ben, who collaborated with Old Charley in teaching me how to plow and do other farm work, was her son.

Each of these mares was the foundress of a long line of horses that had her good qualities without being so temperamental.

Your grandfather was a splendid horseman, and enjoyed raising colts. He fed them liberally, trained them carefully, and worked them humanely. During his time, he bred and developed a great number; and he usually sold them at top prices.

He never told, so far as I know, about his start of milk cows. In any event, the herd was increased until it provided for a large family, and a lot of extra butter was made and sold to help pay grocery bills. We children dreaded churning day because that meant turning the handle of the old Union churn. When the task was divided between two of us, with instructions to alternate 100 turns each, it was considered quite legitimate for one to distract the other's attention in some way while jumping the count from, say, sixty-nine to ninety, if it could be done without detection.

He often rode over the country, in the fall of the year, and bought calves until he had a nice herd collected to develop and feed for the Chicago market. Sometimes, he bought dry cows and fattened them for Lincoln butchers. He raised and fed out a good bunch of hogs each year, perhaps a hundred; and he usually sold them to our local buyers, John Matlock and William Paine.

Originally, the whole eastern part of the continent was covered with forests; and the cause of the great prairies, starting in Illinois and extending westward, has been variously explained. Perhaps the best theory is that this rich soil grew such heavy foliage that when the vegetation became dry and was burned off by the Indians, or from fires started by lightning, the young trees perished. Then, too, the sod became so dense that it was almost impossible for a seedling to gain a foothold.

This theory is borne out by the fact that along the watercourses, where the soil was thinner and the vegetation lighter, the country was wooded; and by the additional fact that when the sod along the edge of the timber was disturbed and at the same time protected from fire, the woods soon began to encroach upon the prairie.

In the spring, the grass was short, and the prairies covered with beautiful flowers. As the season advanced, the foliage grew higher and higher, especially in the low places, until it sometimes reached the top of a man's head. In the autumn, it became dry and very combustible. Then, fire-guards must be plowed, and, in emergencies, back fires started.

Those whose acquaintance with sod is limited to that of tame grass, or to the kind found on the dry western plains, can have little conception of how difficult it was to break out the prairies of Illinois. The grass roots were dense, matted and tough. In addition, there were other plants, the roots of which continued to live and harden year after year while the tops burned off or died.

A very sharp and a very strong plow, with plenty of motive power, was required to turn this sod. After a few furrows had been turned, the share must be freshly filed; and every few days, its edge must be drawn out by a blacksmith. An immense plow and several yoke of oxen were generally used. Snakes were plentiful, swarms of green-headed flies attacked the cattle, and life for the plowman was a succession of minor misfortunes and unpleasant incidents.

Sometimes, when the breaking was done in the spring, seed-corn was dropped in every third furrow, and covered by the sod from the next. The plants found their way up between the slices of sod, and often made a fair crop in spite of a lack of cultivation. This was a wonderfully rich soil; and after the sod was conquered, good crops were raised with comparatively little work.

The surface of Delavan Prairie was undulating, being neither perfectly level nor very hilly. The small valleys, or drains, were often without slope enough to take the water off quickly, so during part of the year were too swampy to be cultivated. Open ditches helped some; and after the early 1870's, draintile were available. When a string of tile had been run through the lower part of a field to a good outlet, that part was the first to become dry enough to cultivate after a rain. Then, 40 acre fields, every foot of which could be cultivated, and, perhaps, viewed from one spot, were common.

At first in cultivated fields, the corn was dropped by hand and covered with hoes. The field had been marked off each way by pressing long straight marks, about a yard apart, in the loose soil. The seed was planted in the intersections of the marks; and the straight rows of corn could be cultivated both ways.

Corn planters drawn by horses were a great improvement. The timing of the mechanical drop was first done by a boy who sat in front of the driver, and watched the rows which had been marked off in the opposite direction; then, by a rope which extended across the field, and had buttons placed at equal distances on it to trip the dropping device; and, finally, by a wire which functioned the same way, but did not contract and lengthen with variations in moisture as the rope would.

The cultivation was originally done by a plow having a single shovel, and drawn by one horse. Its use required three trips across the field in cultivating the ground occupied by one row of corn—one on each side of the row, and one in the center of the space between it and the next. Later, a double-shovel

plow was used. With it two "throughs" or one "round" finished a row, so its use enabled the plowman to cultivate fifty per cent more surface with the same distance traveled.

During the late 1850's and early 1860's, a walking cultivator, drawn by a team, and finishing a row each time it crossed the field, came into use. The old Weir cultivator, which I can just remember, was about the same in principle and execution as those in use today, except that the operator walked and guided the shovels with his hands instead of riding and doing the guiding with his feet.

Small grain was first sown by the original "Armstrong's Method". A man carried a grain sack, partially filled with seed and suspended by a strap over one shoulder, the mouth of the sack being directly in front of him. With his hands, used alternately, he scattered the seed as he walked across the field. It was commonly said that to enjoy this task a man needed "a strong back, a tough foot, and a weak head". Endgate-seeders and drills, which scattered the seed mechanically, were afterwards generally used.

In the harvesting of small grain, the sickles, cradles, headers and even Marsh Harvesters, had largely passed out of use when your grandfather began farming. The accepted method then was to cut the grain with a mower which had reel and drop attachments. As the grain was cut, it fell back upon a light platform until enough to make a bundle had accumulated, and was then dropped to the ground by using a lever operated by the foot. Men followed, and bound the grain, using straw from the bundles for the bands. Finally, self-binders, which tied the bundles with twine, came into universal use.

Threshing machines were first driven by horse-powers, and afterwards by steam-engines. Before mechanical feeders and weighers were invented, the bundles were fed into the machine by hand, and the grain ran from it into half-bushel measures which were emptied into wagons. Threshing was hot, laborious and dusty work; but the meals were something to write home about. Each housewife tried to make the food she supplied more inviting, tasty and satisfying than those furnished by any one else. And she usually succeeded.

Your grandfather worked regularly in the field until he was about forty years old. After that, his many other duties precluded his doing so. In addition to attending to business matters for himself and others, he did some trading, attended to much of the feeding of the stock, repaired the machinery, and, altogether, remained the busiest man on the place.

Men employed at wages to do farm work were called "hired hands". Your grandfather kept from one to three. One boy worked for him eight seasons. A hand received from \$17 to \$22 a month and board. Many of them kept a horse on pasture, and that enabled them to drive to town on Saturday nights, and take their sweethearts to celebrations, picnics, church services, and all the other places to which young people went. The more thrifty became tenants, farming for themselves; and many eventually owned farms, and, in turn, became employers. The son on a farm was expected to set the hands an example in faithfulness and industry, at nothing a month, and do extra chores for his board. Often his reward was being given a "start" when he became twenty-one years of age and wished to farm for himself.

In the 1870's and 1880's, the social life of the older people of our community centered in the church. Sermons, perhaps on alternate Sundays, were listened to with interest and understanding. In the weekly Sunday-school, the Bible was studied with an earnest wish to interpret it correctly, and to instil its precepts into the minds and hearts of the children. At the Social Meetings, they discussed whatever topics might be uppermost in their thoughts, and consulted about what help they might give to anyone overtaken by misfortune.

Some surrounding families, although affiliated with sister churches, were in practice and sentiment a part of this congregation, because their friendships, ambitions and objectives were the same.



1885

23-24

David Bowles was the acknowledged leader in both the church and the community; not that he possessed any special authority, but, as I believe, because in wisdom, thoughtfulness, practicality, generosity, charity and kindness, he represented the ideal towards which each of his neighbors was striving.

After discounting the glamour with which the years are said to envelop the place of one's childhood, and the enchantment which distance lends the view, I still believe that in all my wanderings I have never discovered a community richer in the character of its people than this one was.

While the interests of the young people also centered in the church and the work of its various societies, they had others in addition. They got more of a thrill, perhaps, out of the annual Protracted Meeting. This was usually conducted by a special evangelist who, through much practice and many exhortations, had become skilled in crowd psychology. In his word painting, he used vivid colors and a heavy brush. All the young folks went to play parties, some even danced. The young men courted the girls, and took them about in shiny buggies; and the girls couldn't make them stop.

At one time, regular temperance meetings were quite a success for a while, and King Alcohol was scourged weekly, until some roughnecks, with a keener sense of humor than of what was proper, came ostensibly to pray on the inside of the meeting-house, but remained to drink and snigger on the outside.

Itinerant phrenologists gave lectures and exhibitions of character reading. A magic lantern show which, in addition to the still pictures, showed planets revolving, and rats running right into a man's mouth, was an event. The "Professor," whose skillful manipulation of the machine produced such effects, claimed to be a real "artist", and convinced all but the most skeptical that he deserved the admiration which he commanded.

Literary exercises at the district schoolhouse on occasional winter evenings afforded entertainment, and gave budding genius a chance to expand. There was usually a debate on some such vital subject as "Resolved, That the Negro has been more cruelly treated by the Whites than the Indian". The leading lady-elocutionist recited "The Raven" or "John Burns of Gettysburg" with expression oozing from every pore. Some boy, who didn't care to take the trouble to commit his offering to memory, would read a humorous sketch, and by his continuous giggling, both show his own appreciation of the article and prevent any one else from thinking it was intended to be serious. A paper was occasionally read or a speech made which showed keen discernment and much thought, and some of these deserved a much wider hearing than they received. The last days of school, teachers' institutes, political rallies, county fairs, picnics, and old-settlers' meetings, also afforded interest to an otherwise rather work-a-day life.

The least inclusive account of the rural social life of those years should not fail to tell of the introduction of the cottage organ. Slick-tongued agents convinced all that a girl who aspired to any higher station in life than that of kitchen mechanic simply must be able to play an organ. "The B March", a favorite exercise for beginners, resounded through the land. When calling at a home, and Mary or Susie was asked (as soon as your wraps were removed) to "execute" her last lesson, you must ignore any errors in time or tune and let your countenance express the proper compound of surprise, wonder, admiration and satisfaction. When a girl was chosen organist at Church or Sunday-school, she gained much distinction thereby; and if she became proficient enough to teach, or to play right along without looking at her hands, and maybe even while conversing in an offhand way with some one else, she became as one of those set apart. All of this stimulated interest in vocal music; and the voice of the neighbor's daughter floated across the meadows on the evening zephyrs, begging Jaunita to ask her soul if they must part.

But if you are tempted, at times, to smile at some of your mothers' strivings after culture, you might remember that they voiced their own longings, at least, instead of listening to those of others, over a radio.

The weekly paper afforded about all the information one could get on current topics. The cheap magazines of today were unknown. Those of the better class were too expensive to gain a wide circulation; but when one of them or a good book was secured, it received a careful reading. People were generous about lending such books as they did have, as I had occasion to know.

In the district schools, one could secure a fair knowledge of the common branches and a smattering of the sciences. Considerable interest was taken in education; and the young people who felt or affected an interest in the sciences or classics, pronounced "either" like it was spelled "ither", or used big words like "prognostication", were admired for their enterprise and ability. The more ambitious (educationally) spent a few months in college. Most of them went to Valparaiso, Indiana, or to some similar institution, where the expenses need not exceed \$20 a month, because the tuition charge was only \$1, board \$1.40, and room rent 60 cents, a week.

Some of the boys and girls took a short "teachers' course", and then taught in the country districts and small towns near home, at a salary per month that would now make a fair-sized tip from a bootlegger. Those who remained at home were economical, and each tried to deserve the competency he was striving for. Most of these young people became well-to-do, some even wealthy; which may remind you that it is small sums saved, rather than large amounts made and spent, which bring financial independence. Their struggles helped them to become self-reliant and resourceful, and those qualities make for success and happiness.

The thing which stands out most clearly in my memory of our home life at that time is the number of preachers, Sunday-school workers and educators entertained there. All who conducted Sunday services or week-day meetings at the church must come on trains from their homes to one of the nearby stations, and return the same way. Because we particularly enjoyed the entertainment their presence afforded, and one of us could usually meet the train, they often came to our house; and it seems to me now that our life then was just one preacher after another. Many of these men were great souls, all were interesting; and the incidental benefits we derived from associating with them in the home were as valuable, probably, as those we secured by listening to their lectures and sermons.

In March, 1890, your grandmother was attacked by typhoid. One after another of the family and help were stricken and until late in the summer, there were usually four patients to be cared for. The home was turned into a hospital, with one trained nurse and many volunteers. By the help of our neighbors, kind as only they could be, we got through, somehow. Your aunts Leona and Mary, and one of our most generous neighbors, were overcome by the disease.

Through the use of regular and special farm help, Father had managed to get the corn cultivated, and the small grain harvested; but he had twenty-five acres of timothy that was becoming overripe. Twelve of our neighbors appeared on the scene with mowers one morning, and cut this grass down in short order. That afternoon, twenty-five men, with the necessary teams, wagons and rakes, put the hay into stacks. A few days later, Uncle Davie Bowles came by to inquire about the sick—and left a receipt for your grandfather's church dues, which Uncle Davie had paid.

That was the kindest people I have ever known. They relieved distress and gave assistance whether the recipient was worthy or not; it was enough that someone needed help. About the only unkind thing I ever knew of their doing was to smile, some almost audibly, the time I wore my first three-piece suit to church, and took off my coat during services, not to show that I had a vest, but because I was *much* too warm.

After most of the children had grown up and scattered, your grandparents continued, for a number of years, to live on the farm—and entertain preachers. They were fairly prosperous, and life became a bit less strenuous for them; so

they had time to marvel at the introduction of the rural free delivery of mail, country telephones, talking machines, moving pictures, and the automobile.

Here, let me anticipate by forty or fifty years the time about which I have last been writing. Most of the older leaders in the community have now been gathered to their fathers, and their places have been taken by the sons and grandsons who remained.

In a country so rich in natural resources, and with a people bred and trained as these were, the general prosperity following the middle 1890's could have but one result—wealth, a higher standard of living, luxuries. The cottage organ has given place to pianos, Victrolas and the radio, and they now sit in their homes and listen to dinner-hour programs given by the best orchestras of New York, Chicago and San Francisco; the buggy has been discarded for the automobile; the daily papers and the latest book-lists are left at their doors each morning by the postman; the town hall has been replaced by a splendidly appointed community building; and the young people, at their option, attend state universities or do special work in the technical schools of their choice.

But they are the same earnest, reliable, substantial and charitable people as of yore; and if they are reaping where their fathers and grandfathers have sown, they are only fulfilling the vision those forebears had of a people unspoiled by prosperity, and able to enjoy comparative wealth and luxury without loss of character.

LIFE AT EUREKA

IN THE fall of 1902, your grandparents rented the farm to a good tenant and then moved to Eureka, Illinois, a Christian college town of 1,500 people. Your grandfather bought a large house with considerable land attached and then purchased some adjoining lots. The additional lots were used for a garden; and his efforts to produce enough garden truck to supply that end of town afforded him an interest, and also the exercise needed to bridge the change from active farm life to retirement. He soon became chairman of the relief committee of the church; and the poor and sick under his care did not lack for attention or comforts.

Among the friendships formed there which he keenly enjoyed, was one with Dr. Alva W. Taylor, a man of singularly independent thought and the most engaging social qualities. He was pastor of the church at Eureka for several years. I think, too, that your grandfather got from Dr. Taylor, perhaps unconsciously, a feeling that what one believes doesn't matter much, except as it effects conduct and character.

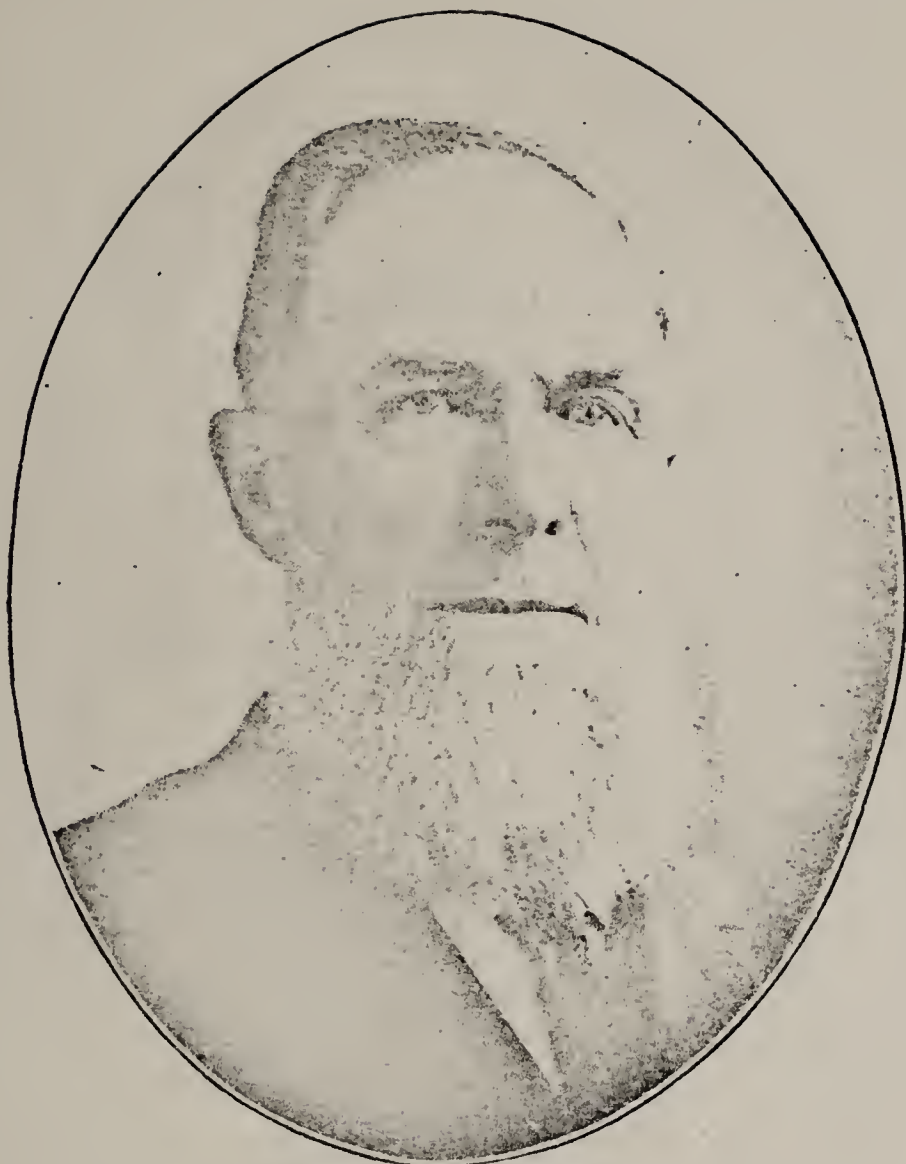
Your grandmother thoroughly enjoyed the leisure time she could now command, and the new friendships formed in the various church societies. She particularly appreciated a mother and several daughters who lived next door. They made her feel that they were genuinely fond of her, and would be glad to help her in any way. In turn, she was interested in their ambitions and plans, and encouraged them all she could.

In the summer of 1905, your grandfather became weak, listless and emaciated. Because able to keep on his feet, he refused to consult a doctor until finally one was called without his consent. He was told that he had a pronounced case of walking typhoid. The disease, as usual, did not respond to treatment quickly, and when winter came, he was still so weak that a short walk tired him out.

They decided to spend the winter in California. W. B. Stroud and his wife, old friends, were at Long Beach; so they went there. Rooms for light-housekeeping were secured, and they passed a delightful season, he, for once, having an opportunity to catch fish to his heart's content. They returned in good health and spirits, in the spring, and resumed their usual duties and interests.

By 1915, your grandmother had begun to feel the effects of advanced age so much that she regretfully admitted that she needed a maid to relieve her of part of her household duties. Sarah Knepp, a German girl, was secured; and the choice proved to be a fortunate one. Sarah was competent, industrious, conscientious and faithful. She had an infinite capacity for taking pains, and all the other qualities which make a good nurse; so, when it became necessary, other help was secured to do the house work, and Sarah devoted all her time to looking after Mother's comfort, and to superintending the home. Later, when she had some spare time, she took a correspondence course and became a graduate of The Chautauqua School of Nursing. After the home was broken up, she devoted all her time to her profession. Every member of the family was pleased when it was found that, in recognition of her services, your grandfather had left her a substantial remembrance.

In 1919, Sarah accompanied them on a trip to Tacoma and Seattle, where their younger daughters lived. They had a delightful visit, and memories of the good times they enjoyed while there afforded them much pleasure during the remainder of their lives.



1908



1908

Your grandmother's strength continued to fail, though her health was not seriously impaired, until she became weary of living and longed for rest; and on January 20, 1922, she passed out of life.

Sarah's sister, Emma, then came to assist in the care of the home. She was faithful and diligent, and a splendid cook.

With no other member of the family left in the home to afford him companionship, and he over eighty years of age, it was inevitable that your grandfather should become somewhat restless and discontented, and that he show some of the childishness inseparable from his years; but the girls were considerate, resourceful and tactful, and, so far as creature comforts were concerned, they supplied everything that he could desire.

He made his last trip to see the relatives on the west coast in 1924. A grandson accompanied him on the way out, and his youngest daughter returned with him. The attention and consideration shown him out there by both the "children" and grandchildren gave him much satisfaction and some very pleasant memories.

With increasing years, he had gradually given up his church work and most of his other interests. His radio afforded him much entertainment for a time, and he took a keen interest in getting the markets, weather reports and news items on week-days, and in listening to sermons on the Sundays he did not feel equal to attending local services. It was his automobile, however, that gave him his greatest pleasure; and until near the close of his eighty-fifth year, a forty- or fifty-mile drive seemed commonplace to him.

Over-exertion while doing some work in the yard, late in 1925, caused a leakage in his heart. He recovered temporarily, and then gradually failed until January 21, 1926, when he, too, joined the silent majority.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

EVERY estimate of one person by another is modified by the point of view and, perhaps, the personal idiosyncrasies of the writer. It is well to keep this in mind, and to remember that one individual's delineations of the character of another can be, at best, only approximately correct.

Your grandfather in middle life as I first remember him impressed one most by his energy, his integrity and his versatility.

He was out early in the morning intent on accomplishing whatever there might be to do. His work was well planned, and he tried to secure the maximum in results for the efforts expended. He crowded his work instead of allowing it to crowd him. On the first day of Spring when the sun was warm enough to melt the snow, Wm. Matlock, a friend and neighbor, would say, "Well, I suppose Jimmy Howser is getting down his corn planter", the humor in this remark being in the fact that many weeks must yet elapse before the soil would be warm enough to receive the seed. He liked Hubbard's motto, "Get the thing done, and let 'em howl".

That he deserved much credit for being honest is doubtful; because he couldn't be anything else. He hated dishonesty, moral or intellectual; and he despised a crook, however shrewd or plausible.

He enjoyed doing many things, and did most of them well. He especially liked to tackle a new problem and work out a successful solution for it when doing so gave scope to some originality. The pride and pleasure he took in attaining new objectives were, at times, almost boyish.

He was always a student of current topics, and kept well posted on the happenings of the times. His judgments were often intuitional rather than logical; and his conclusions were sometimes better than the reasons he might give for them. Decided opinions were expressed by him with considerable caution; and he was ultimately proven to be right often enough to get the reputation of being "safe" and "long-headed".

Money and property were valued by him principally for what they would buy, and, secondarily, as proof of ability and discretion. Your grandmother's saving proclivities made a good supplement to his interest in acquiring; and I think she was the more thrifty of the two.

When I was a boy, I often thought his attitude towards me was stern, arbitrary and unsympathetic. I admired him immensely for the things he accomplished, and for his integrity; but I thought of him as a stern Judge rather than as a sympathetic Friend. My not-altogether-fortunate disposition was to blame for part of this, no doubt; and he was absorbed in many interests, some of them beyond my ken. He had a good-sized farm to superintend, several estates to settle, the interests of a number of minor heirs to conserve, the discipline of a large family to consider, and he was keenly interested in his church and Sunday-school work. I am inclined, however, to blame the theological teachings of the times for the greater part of our failure to enjoy then such a companionship as we did in later years.

The doctrines then held would seem stern and uncompromising to us now. I remember hearing one good old minister warn his audience that "After a lifetime of piety and good works, a single evil thought, unforgiven, will condemn one to an eternity of punishment". And that may all be true so far as I can prove the contrary; but the idea seems a bit grotesque, to me at least; and I believe the teachings of the leading churches are now much more liberal.

His religion then seemed to me to be intellectual rather than emotional, if I know what I mean. He appeared to believe that the strictly interpreted letter of the law made a thing right, and that it must be followed—regardless; that about the worst thing one could do was to question authority; and that character in a boy could only be attained by strict obedience, unquestioning beliefs, and a meek willingness to be corrected by the good old scriptural method. This attitude in one whom others thought of as rather jolly, and a suspicion that his theology was to blame, made me rebellious against all authority; and the fat was in the fire for true.

In his later years, he seemed to lose his faith in the efficacy of the strict observance of law, and perhaps almost to over-emphasize the value of intent. By what I suspect was a natural reaction, he appeared to distrust the value of authority, as such, and to feel a certain contempt for conventions. His favorite quotation became that passage in Micah which reads: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God".

Your grandfather was not lacking in temper, but never to my knowledge did he have a quarrel with a neighbor, nor hold malice against anyone. He frequently quoted the learned jurist who said, "If I could teach my boy but one thing, it would be, never to resent an injury nor harbor hatred"; and Father would usually add, "The thing to do is 'forget it'". If attacked, he preferred to defend himself in a way that would leave no sting or resentment. This was illustrated by an incident that happened while he was a member of the church board at Eureka.

He used tobacco, his defence being that he had acquired the habit when the use of the weed was almost universal. His objection to the habit in young people was only second to his dislike for accepting criticism on account of his own indulgence. A new preacher made several scathing talks in denunciation of the habit and about the sinfulness of professed Christians setting such an example. Some of those against whom his philippics were directed finally became angry, and there seemed a splendid chance for the situation to develop into a trial of strength, with any outcome reflecting small credit on all concerned.

Learning that the minister had been called to a neighboring town in a great hurry, your grandfather volunteered to take him in his auto, and his offer was accepted. When ready to leave town, he said, "Brother So-and-so, while I fill my car with gas and oil, I wish you would run over to the grocery store and get me a cut of Horse Shoe tobacco". The minister couldn't very well refuse such a request from one who was giving him a free ride, so he got the tobacco.

At the next board meeting, your grandfather arose solemnly, and said it was his painful duty to inform them that the minister they admired so much was a hypocrite, and unworthy of their confidence. His specification was, that after the said minister had spoken almost intemperately an unnecessary number of times about the sinfulness of encouraging others to use tobacco, he had extended to the complainant that very encouragement, and had tempted him beyond his power to resist. In proof of his charges, he stated he was prepared to produce an invoice which he had obtained from the grocer, as exhibit "a", and the cut of tobacco, which he had preserved intact, as exhibit "b". He suggested, however, that since the proof was conclusive, probably the only thing that remained for them to do was to devise some means by which they might reform the fallen brother. The members of the board smiled, the preacher made a humorous rejoinder, and your grandfather was satisfied that he had so maneuvered the situation that no one could say anything more on the subject without making himself appear ridiculous.

Anyhow, that is the way the story was told to me by a clerical friend; and I know that when some of the evangelists from there told of the incident out in the state, and your grandfather got letters from strangers at distant points, probably themselves addicts, congratulating him on his comeback, he was not particularly displeased. And I have no doubt that the preacher, having said all he

thought his duty required, was quite satisfied to have the incident close with everybody smiling.

He took a reasonable interest in his personal appearance, and wanted his clothing to be neat and of good quality. He had a dread of becoming "old and slouchy". Towards the end, he lost much of his interest in the appearance of his farm; but his home, garden and automobile must always be kept spic and span.

If he ever tired of company or regretted the coming of guests into his home, I did not hear of it. He seemed always to enjoy them thoroughly. But he was the poorest kind of a visitor when away from home, and never failed to find reasons for returning at the earliest possible moment.

He got a tremendous satisfaction out of doing things for others. For years, his horse and buggy, and later his automobile, was the neighborhood free-hack. Nothing seemed to give him so much pleasure and interest as for some one, in the family or otherwise, to call him up and tell him of some way he could be of service.

In his last days, his interest centered in his grandchildren; and you scarcely realized, I suspect, how much pleasure he got out of the letters and remembrances you sent him.

He did not wish to die; but he proved his gameness by the way he met the issue. A few days before his passing, he said, "I'd like to live longer, though I doubt if I can; but, anyway, I've had a pretty long life, and I'm not going to complain if I have to go now".

Your grandmother, as I first remember her, was proud, ambitious, shrewd, industrious and economical. From her English ancestors, I think she must have got her pride of achievement and her genius for command; from the Scotch, her caninness and economy; and from the Irish, her sense of humor, and her ability to accomplish through strategy what she could not secure by more direct methods.

When a girl and while Father was in the army, she taught school and wrote for magazines of more than local circulation. Articles and poems which she preserved in an old scrap-book indicate that she had considerable ability as a writer.

While we children were growing up, she fed and clothed a family of nine youngsters, and always had farm hands, occasionally a boarder, and often guests, to look out for, in addition. She raised a lot of poultry, each year, and superintended the planting and cultivation of a big garden. Drying and canning fruit, making soap and apple butter, and preserving berries, were additional tasks which must be done in the proper seasons.

Her meals were well cooked, and sufficient in quantity and variety. She never slighted her work, nor permitted others to do so. And she never appeared hurried; but she gave one the impression that she considered her household duties as only incidental to her main task of looking after the education and the religious training of her family. She liked to have visitors in the home; and, while there, they were only an interesting addition to the flock.

We soon learned that the way to turn away wrath with her was to avoid denials, excuses and arguments, and try to be humorous. Denials and excuses were no defense, but a witty or humorous rejoinder usually got the culprit off with a light sentence.

In religion, she was a FUNDAMENTALIST. If some one claimed that a whale could not swallow Jonah, the whale should do the worrying, not she. If the Bible were to say that a great fish, a small whale, or a moderate-sized porpoise, swallowed a man, both he and the story would have to be swallowed without any discussion or back talk; and that would be that. To her, the ignorance of scientific doubters was both surprising and reprehensible. Heaven

was not a state which naturally follows a useful and pious life; it was a place, to be attained by many good works, some strife, and much zeal. She was disappointed that she had no son in the ministry, and correspondingly pleased when her oldest grandson adopted that profession.

Two articles which she had preserved for many years, and which were found in her file after her death, indicate the wide range of her interests at the time she saved them.

The first was a clipping, yellow with age:

MOTHERS MUST BE WISE AND FIRM

"Into the woman's keeping is committed the destiny of generations to come after us.

"In bringing up your children, you mothers must remember that while it is essential to be loving and tender, it is no less essential to be wise and firm. Foolishness and affection must not be treated as interchangeable terms; and besides training your sons and daughters in the softer and milder virtues, you must seek to give them those stern and harder qualities which in after life they will surely need.

"Some children will go wrong in spite of the best training; and some will go right even when their surroundings are most unfortunate; nevertheless an immense amount depends on the family training.

"If you mothers through weakness bring up your sons to be selfish and to think only of themselves, you will be responsible for much sadness among the women who are to be their wives in the future. If you let your daughters grow up idle, perhaps under the mistaken impression that as you yourselves have had to work hard they shall know only enjoyment, you are preparing them to be useless to others and burdens to themselves.

"Teach boys and girls alike that they are not to look forward to lives spent in avoiding difficulties, but to lives spent in overcoming difficulties."

The other was in a marked copy of an old *Lincoln Herald*; and one can easily imagine her marking the article, placing it where it could not escape Father's notice, and watching him out of the corner of her eye as he read it:

AN ESSAY ON MAN

"Man is a two-legged animal that walks on the forked end, and chews tobacco. He is supplied in three colors: red, white, and black. It is not known just when man was first created—or why. Darwin claims that man descended from monkeys. The monkeys deny the charge.

"History tells us that the first man was made from dust; and many believe that dust still makes the man. Experience and practice bring great improvements. Woman was made later, of flesh and blood; and it was certainly just the stuff, for she is the masterpiece of the Maker's art.

"She has long hair, and wears it down her back. She is full of mischief, and wears it in her eyes. The first dash out of the box, she got man into trouble by feeding him an apple; and she has kept him that way ever since by feeding him taffy.

"Man is found in most parts of the world. He roams at will, feeds in the daytime, and sleeps at night—some nights. He comes into the world without his consent, travels the rocky way between two eternities and goes out against his will. In youth, he is swelled with vanity, and thinks he cuts a lot of frozen water; but in old age, he is limp, withered and meek. In his infancy, he is full of colic, paregoric and catnip tea; and in his later years, he is full of disappointment, rheumatism and patent medicine.

"Man differs from other animals in that he lies standing up; and he talks best when he lies. When drawing water for his wife, he is weak as a cat; but when drawing a pension, he is strong as an ox. If he raises a check, he is a thief and a scoundrel; and if he raises a big family, he is a chump and a sucker."

During the first years they lived at Eureka, she got a lot of pleasure out of attending the meetings of the various church societies, and from sermons, lectures and chautauqua programs. She enjoyed her household duties, and it was not easy for her to turn them over to a maid, however competent.

In her last years, her greatest interest was in her pet charities. Receipts and letters in the file she left show that she sent a continuous stream of moderate-sized donations to certain "homes" for old people and orphans. She seemed particularly to enjoy denying herself something, perhaps unnecessarily, in order to make a contribution to one of these institutions.

Nor was that all. Once, when an unusual number of guests were expected, and an inventory of the spare bedding was taken, practically none could be found. Inquiry developed that she had sent it to the "homes", believing it wrong to keep an unused surplus when the inmates of those places were in need of it. She explained, too, that she had seen no occasion for consulting others about the doing of so obvious a duty.

Her appreciation of humor endured to the end. Her last mention of one member of the family was, "I wish he were here; he says funny things, and makes me laugh".

GRANDMOTHER'S LAST DAYS

(Zenobia H. Houser)

BEFORE telling you of the incidents directly connected with the last weeks and the funeral of Mother Howser, I should like to tell you what she meant to me.

In our earlier days together, I especially enjoyed her ability to find and point out the humorous side of even the most serious circumstances. It seemed to me that this helped her to arrive at the true value of incidents and things; and it taught me that, to a great extent, we find in any circumstances about what we look for.

She was interested in state and national affairs, as well as those of her immediate neighborhood. This tended to make her conversation interesting, bright and chatty. Her experience, judgment, intelligence, keen sense of humor, and her sparkling wit, made her a well-balanced woman and an interesting companion.

After she grew forgetful and at times confused, she would sometimes ask me if she had ever done or said anything to hurt my feelings. When assured that she had never been anything but kind and loving to me, she would seem relieved, and say that we had always been such good friends that she did not want to do or say anything to hurt me. She was an ideal mother-in-law, and I loved her.

From the very first time that I visited in her home, Mother Howser had her favorite chair beside a particular window. There she sat whenever she rested, sewed or read. Upon the sill of that window lay a small Bible, well worn and marked. Frequently, while sitting there, she would put aside whatever she was doing, take up the little Bible and read for a few minutes, sometimes marking a new passage. Later, when she could no longer read with ease, she simply held the book and turned the leaves.

It was probably seven years before she passed away that an attack of weariness kept her in bed so long that she consented to have help in the house. It was then that Father got Sarah. Mother felt sure that by the end of two weeks she would be able to do her housework again; but weeks and months passed and she was not able to resume the care of the home; so Sarah took over its responsibilities.

Through a long life, Mother had made and executed her own plans, and attended to their every detail, and now she was confronted with the tragedy of seeing some one else take charge. When she first realized that she must allow this to be done, I think that her heart almost broke. She was not consoled when we told her, over and over, that she deserved to have a rest after a long life of service to others. Her inability to accept the situation and make the best of her good fortune caused her, I believe, much unhappiness during her last years.

From then on, life seemed for her just one long day after another, and we spent as much time there with her as seemed best. She was always delighted with the coming and going of friends. When the weather was nice, she would walk to nearby friends for short visits, returning tired and glad to sit in her favorite spot and in her favorite chair. When she could no longer go to church, she would ask all about the services when Father returned.

She and Father Howser would often come down to our cabin, and sometimes she would stay for several days. If it were possible, we would make a fire in the fireplace, summer or winter, because she loved to sit by it and keep a bright blaze going. There she would pass most of her time, apparently living over other days by other fires.

One day, as we chatted there, she said that she did not expect that any of her own daughters could be with her when she passed on, but she expected me to be, and that she wanted me to see that she was dressed all in white garments when put away, and that she be taken back to the old home. After that, she often talked about her passing, and about the disposal of her personal and household belongings.

She grew so frail of body, and so confused in her thoughts, as time passed, that she was given constant care. The doctor said that she had no organic trouble, but was just slowly fading away. Sarah gave her constant attention and every care, and it was largely due to this that we kept her with us during the last two or three years. She realized that her mind "played pranks" on her, as she called it; and when herself, would ask how she had talked to some friend or neighbor who had just left. At times, we would chat about present events, and often, her keen wit would flash as of old. Though usually keen, her humor was never malicious.

Her last few months were hard for all of us. She lived in the past with her old friends and her children, and in her old neighborhood. She would sometimes worry lest the children were not all in bed, or had not been fed. She would sometimes insist on going home, saying that the children might need her. Even when asking me to go home with her, she would call me by my right name; never once did she fail to recognize me or call me by any other than my own name.

One cold night, we sent for M. L., who was away at the time. She was unconscious when he arrived, and early the next Friday morning, she passed away. He had come home with a severe attack of flu, and the doctor had forbidden him to leave his bed. He declared, however, that whenever we held the funeral, he would go; so it was decided to hold it on the next Tuesday, by which time the doctor said it would be safe for him to go out.

Neighbors and friends were kind and helpful. We selected a blue-grey casket with silver trimmings. When Mother Howser was dressed all in white and placed in the casket, she had a pleased expression, almost a smile. As no services were to be held at Eureka, the house was open to friends, and many called.

Tuesday morning was cold, and a deep snow covered the ground. The funeral party went to Peoria on the early train, from there to Union on the Traction, and then in automobiles to the church. The services were at eleven o'clock, and many old friends were awaiting our arrival. Her grandson, Clarence Lemmon, conducted the services; and his tactful and appropriate talk called out many favorable comments. Mrs. Manie Wagoner sang two beautiful solos. Three grandsons and three grand-nephews acted as pall-bearers.

As we came out of the church into the burial ground, the many beautiful flowers that were banked on the snow near the grave and the brilliant sunshine helped to loosen the tension of our heavy hearts. After some customary remarks, the casket was placed in a steel vault, and lowered from view.

Cousin Flora McCormick had prepared at her home a splendid dinner for those of us who were from a distance; and she will probably never realize just how much we appreciated her thoughtfulness and kindness. That evening, we returned to Eureka. Sarah had the house in order; but there was a quietness that hurt—eloquent of an irreparable loss.

GRANDFATHER'S LAST DAYS

(A letter: Z. H. H. to I. H. J.)

IT IS not easy to write of the things you are wanting to know, so I have been slow about doing it. I was so fond of Father Howser and we were always such good friends that it hurt me terribly to lose him; but I am glad I could be some comfort to him in his last days. So far as I know, we never had a misunderstanding; and I shall miss him as I would few others.

It was many weeks ago that his first decline began—in October, I think. He did some work in the yard just after recovering from a severe attack of the flu. We all protested, but he finished the work; and a few days later, the doctor said he had overtaxed his heart. At that time, the doctor tried to get him to go to bed for two weeks, and stay there without getting up, but he would not do it.

He kept going about whenever he was able, and all the time he was over-exerting. The trouble was that he never gave himself a chance to come back. Just before Edna came, he was a bit better; but before she left, he again began to be weak and weary. We decided to take a trip to Asheville, N. C., while she was here; but she left before we returned.

When we came home, we could see a marked change in him; and he began to have days when, at times, he did not seem to know whether he was here or at the old home. He would say, "When did we come to live in this house"? Then, perhaps for several days, he would think clearly and seem his old self again.

Christmas day, we had a nice dinner, fixed up a tree, and decorated the house. He seemed much pleased when we arranged on the table a big bowl of the lovely fruit you and Edna had sent to him.

We had been making plans for the Summer about which he was real enthusiastic. M. L. had suggested that in the Spring we should all spend some time at the cabin while we made our garden, then all come back here, and, while he went about his work, I should drive Father about in his car. Later, we were to go down to the Adams County farm, live at our cabin there, and do a lot of fishing. All this pleased Father immensely and gave him something to think about.

Soon after Christmas, he began to be more restless, and more often have hours when he talked at random. When his mind was clear, he seemed to realize that he might not stay long, and he gave M. L. some directions about his business affairs. He started to talk about it to me one day; but when he looked up and saw that I was ready to burst into tears, he laughed, and said he did not wish to hurt me, and that he would not talk about it any more.

Last Sunday, his mind seemed bright and clear, and he appeared to be stronger than for some time. The doctor said that this condition might be maintained for several weeks if he would keep absolutely quiet. But on Tuesday he was worse, and for the first time consented to go to bed. Wednesday night, the doctor had to give him a hypodermic to quiet him. He slept until about three o'clock in the morning, and then, after a period of restlessness, he settled into what we thought was another restful sleep. He looked comfortable and breathed easily until about seven o'clock, when he just gave a sigh, and was gone.

Everyone was more than kind, and we were helped through a hard time by his many friends, all of whom expressed in word and deed the regard they felt for him. We selected a beautiful bronze casket, such as we believed he and you would like. It was placed in a steel vault, the same as was your mother's. He was dressed in one of his own dark-blue suits and wore a white shirt, a soft collar and a gray tie. The pained and drawn expression left his face, and M. L. said he looked as he did years ago.

The house was open to friends on Sunday afternoon, and many came in. The flowers were beautiful.

We left the house at eight o'clock on Monday morning and drove to Peoria. The McCormicks had come down from Chicago. Clarence met us at Peoria, and some Delavan friends also accompanied us. Eight of Father's special friends, all elderly men, acted as pall-bearers. I am sure he would have been especially pleased with this arrangement if he could have known. From Peoria, we went on the Traction to Union; and Leslie had closed cars there to take us to the church.

Father had said that in case of his death he wished Dr. George E. Moore, of Eureka College, to conduct the services. He admired Dr. Moore immensely, and believed that he had influenced him to stay at Eureka for another year. When he first made the request, Dr. Moore had said jokingly, "Now, just what good thing could I say about you?" and Father had replied, "Don't talk about me. You can't do me any good, for I will be gone: just talk to those who are there." So he delivered a short but impressive address on "Immortality", taking as his text, "If a man die, shall he live again"? What he said on the subject was certainly comforting.

The Union Quartette gave three appropriate numbers, and a soloist beautifully sang "In the Garden" and "The City Four Square". Leslie had looked after the music, a lunch for the whole party, and made all other arrangements down there, in his efficient and thoughtful way.

On account of your father's attitude all his life, we thought he would not wish us to appear to exploit his military services; and we felt a bit uncomfortable about ignoring them. However, at the grave, an old comrade and friend, who possibly sensed the circumstances, placed a flag upon the casket and recited a sentiment ending with "The Soldier Sleeps". I think your father would have been pleased and gratified with both the act and the spirit which prompted it, as we were.

Without him to welcome us, this seemed a lonely place when we returned; but the girls had everything in order and tried to be as cheerful as possible. Your father had told us that he wanted them left here until they had time to get rested and make suitable arrangements for their future; so we are taking over the house, and they will remain here for some time.

We were truly sorry that you could not be here, but realize that it was impossible. We hope that you understand how much we feel for you. I have written all these details as I would want them sent to me if I were away instead of you.

FUNERAL SERMON

(Rev. George E. Moore, D. D.)

I WAS glad to count Mr. Howser as my friend. Although many years my senior, there was something about him that gave very definitely an impression of genuineness. He was one of those noble and inspiring souls with whom I loved to have fellowship. And I feel today, as we have assembled to carry out the last offices of faith and love, that we can know the secret of his strength, his comfort, his joy, his hope. Mr. Howser was conscious that there is more to man than that which can be analyzed into physical and chemical processes. With that great company who have a possession that makes life worth the living, he believed that spiritual values are conserved without loss. Keenly conscious of a moral responsibility, and with the intuitive certainty of love, he looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God!

And yet, in this hour, I am conscious that our departed brother would not have me eulogise himself. Rather, with that same spirit which often expressed itself in my presence, he would have us think of that which was the source of his radiant faith, his inexhaustible hope, and his unfailing strength. In life, he was able to say, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit", and in the last hour, when face to face with the grim monster we call death, the same faith voiced itself as confidently. The strength, and hope, and joy which were his in the power and pride of life, were his as he went graciously down the shadows. Therefore, in harmony with his oft-expressed wish, we are to think today in terms of life, not death. He has joined the company of the noble living. As I think of him, I think not of the end of life, but rather that he has been clothed upon with another body, with another medium of expression more serviceable than the temporal dwelling place of dust. Those who are morally discerning are becoming more and more convinced of the undiminished survival of human personality and the eternal conservation of values, else life itself is an illusion.

Long ago an oriental thinker asked the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" If we confine ourselves entirely to appearances, we shall be compelled to give a sharp and decisive No. Man is frail; it takes so little to place him beyond the help and harm of man. Every year, so frail is the physical body, thirty-one and one-half million embark upon the great adventure. And we are conscious that this universal experience will later become ours. A scratch, a change in temperature, a fall, the round of three score years and ten, and the body wilts. Saddened by the thought of human frailty, another oriental wrote, "The days of our years are three score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their pride but labor and sorrow, for it is soon gone, and we pass away." And yet, in spite of this universal experience, in spite of appearances, mankind persists in believing that no final and absolute disaster can befall, that there is no ultimate and irremediable evil, but that spiritual values will be preserved in those and through those who have steadfastly devoted themselves to the realization of life's true and eternal ideals.

Theoretically, a belief in personal immortality is an essential. In the creed of scientific men there is an article known as the Survival of the Fittest. If a form of life survives; if it is successful in beating back its competitors through a long period of time; the scientist is ready to say that it survives because it is fit to survive. Among the experiences which go to make up the life history

of those who give themselves to the realization of life's noblest, spiritual ideals, nothing is more persistent than the consciousness of personal existence beyond death. Spiritual values we feel sure will survive, but if these values are to survive then it necessarily follows, since some spiritual values are personal, that personal existence be maintained. Man cannot be analyzed into physical and chemical processes. Out beyond the physical and the chemical are spiritual values which the consciousness of mankind is sure will be conserved without loss. Released from the present confining nervous system, which is as a stained window through which the pure white light cannot come, the moral personality will continue to exist and act.

Our greatest reason, however, for believing in the immortality of the soul is Jesus. He brought life and immortality to light. He made three main contributions to the universal consciousness. (1) He *taught* the doctrine of immortality; (2) He *lived* the doctrine of immortality; (3) He *demonstrated the fact* of immortality. Let us look more closely at these contributions.

1. *He taught the doctrine of immortality.* Many Scriptures give Jesus' teaching. From one, we must learn all. One day some Saducees, aristocratic and conservative, asked Jesus a hypothetical question. "There were seven brethren, and the first took a wife, and died; and the second took her and died; and a third, and so on until seven had married her. Then the woman died. In the resurrection whose wife will she be?" The answer of Jesus is arresting and suggestive: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God. . . . As touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read in the book of Moses in the place concerning the Bush, how God spake unto him saying, 'I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob?' He is not the God of the dead, but of the living." In this answer Jesus declared that those whose lives were definitely linked with God, in whose earthly existence ideal, that is, spiritual values were conserved, have a life as unending as the life of God Himself. And this teaching of Jesus, accepted as a life attitude, gives strength, and hope, and courage to face the future no matter what may befall us in our earthly pilgrimage. For my own part, I can see no value in maintaining that the particular atoms which compose my body when I embark upon this great venture will one day be gathered and reanimated and revived. But I see infinite value in believing that if I am willing as our brother was to enter into right religious adjustment with the Dependable Factor which controls the universe, I shall still exist, and think, and feel, and know, and love, and enjoy the presence of things beautiful. And I can find no good reason for denying that this must be so. Divine, all-seeing, and all-knowing Love, such as that revealed by God through Jesus Christ demands that no spiritual value and no spiritual personality sink into the abyss of nothingness, but rather that every such act be preserved unto a life that is eternal. And Jesus taught this when he affirmed of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who according to the ordinary language of men had been dead for upwards of one thousand years, that God was not the God of the dead but of the living. The patriarchs were still alive—their spiritual personalities had been conserved through the centuries.

2. *Jesus lived the doctrine of immortality.* In the religious experience of Jesus, belief in the conservation of spiritual values found its most convincing demonstration. It was not easy for Jesus to die at thirty-three. To think that it was easy, save as it became easy in the light of tremendous consequences which he foresaw, is to minimize the value of his loving self-devotion to spiritual ideals by which the world has been so profoundly impressed. The love and self-sacrifice, the sufferings and the early martyr's death which have become the most inspiring moral and spiritual example, were only possible because Jesus first believed in immortality. He always acted in the presence of death as he did when face to face with the grim monster himself. The New Testament records which tell us of Jesus' power to cope with death—and when has fiction produced such a character—are just as naturally a part of the record as that which tells of his most joyful moments. The restoring of the daughter to Jairus, the raising of the widow's son at Nain, the triumph at the grave of Lazarus do not impress us as incongruous, but as a normal part of the New Testament.

And Jesus' death was the outcome of this conviction. He lived conscious that spiritual values could not perish, and in this consciousness at thirty-three he died.

3. *Jesus demonstrated the fact of immortality.* That the writers of the New Testament believed that Jesus was revealed to them after the crucifixion there can be no doubt. If not accounted for in this way, the events which transpired between the crucifixion and the day of Pentecost must be accounted for in some other. We believe in the law of cause and effect. Without this law and its validity, history would become unintelligible. At the crucifixion, says the oldest gospel record, "they all forsook him and fled". Jesus had told them that he was the Messiah, and the disciples had read in their Scriptures "that when the Messiah comes, he will abide forever". Seeing him die, they naturally assumed that he was not the Messiah, and sought safety in flight. They, therefore, returned to the region of the Galilean Lake, as men who had been awakened from a great delusion. So complete was the desertion, that they allowed a stranger to anoint the body, and permitted another stranger to open his tomb to receive it. "But", we are told, "when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all together". Between the crucifixion and Pentecost something happened. In all its detail it may be difficult to determine exactly what happened, yet one thing is certain—the disciples reassembled in Jerusalem because they believed they had seen their leader alive after the crucifixion. Deny this, and the difficulty of explaining the fact is only increased, for, according to the law of cause and effect, there must be found some cause great enough to account for the reassembling of the disciples in Jerusalem and the birth of the Christian Church. To fill out all the facts, something great enough will have to be invented. Moreover, it is to be noted that the men we meet in the Acts of the Apostles are the same as those we meet in the gospels, and yet not the same, for they are different in spirit, in temper, in outlook. The disciple, weak in the presence of a little girl, becomes a witness with mighty power for the resurrection. And the same change is manifest in all the disciples. What wrought this change? The sovereign and luminous fact that the experience we call death, but which Jesus very significantly called sleep, was not the end of all.

Today, as we lower into the grave all that could no longer be used by the spirit of our brother, the tabernacle of clay, we stand on this sovereign fact. With Paul we climb up the mountain side until at last standing with feet firmly planted on the summit, we give that shout which has echoed and re-echoed for nineteen hundred years, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, thy victory?" In the presence of the experience which seems so ultimate and final, we triumphantly say, "Thanks be unto God Who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord".

[Note: In answer to an inquiry, Dr. Moore wrote: "The address I delivered at your father's funeral services has never been written out, but I am taking the time to type it for you. The form may be somewhat different, but the thought is the same. I liked him so much that I am glad to do this for his family".—M. L. H.]

AN APPRECIATION

(E. L. Carnahan in Emden News)

THE death of James W. Howser, and the funeral services at Bethel as a tribute to his memory, bring to mind many recollections of that sturdy pioneer.

Mr. Howser was born in Eminence Township in 1840; and amid the environments and hardships of frontier life he was reared to manhood. At that time, the streams were well stocked with fish; the prairies with the prairie hen and numerous flocks of wild fowl; and the woodland with deer, wolf and fox; and his leisure time was spent on Sugar Creek or in the adjacent woodland in pursuit of fish or game.

The first we knew of him was in 1862. He had just enlisted in the army, and, with a number of his boyhood friends and associates, was ready to do his part in putting down the rebellion known to history as the great Civil War.

He was of robust frame, and in his boyhood days was considered by his associates as quite an athlete; and his participation in the innocent sports of that day developed a hardy nature which enabled him the more readily to withstand the trials of coming years. The four years service in the Civil War were years of hardships, during which many of his comrades sickened and died; but his stalwart frame endured it, and he returned home strong and vigorous.

He immediately began farming on a 160 acre tract of land located one-half mile west of the Bethel church. For several years, no other disposition could be made of the crops except feeding them to a few swine and to the cattle and horses. In time, the Jacksonville Division of the C. & A. railroad was built through Delavan; and a few years later, the Peoria & Evansville railroad was built, and the villages of Emden and Hartsburg were located; so nearer markets were established.

By this time, a family of four or five daughters were growing up, the older ones being in school. Visits were frequently made to the home of a brother and to those of old friends who lived at or near his boyhood home. On one occasion, some time in the seventies, the family left home to spend Christmas Day with his brother and family on Sugar Creek. It was snowing in the morning and continued to snow all day; and in the afternoon, the wind veered to the northwest, and the storm increased into a raging blizzard. His brother lived in the timber and, although the snow was falling fast, they did not know that a storm was raging on the prairie.

Mr. Howser and his family were late in starting home, but were merrily gliding along in the old sled, on a bed of straw and well supplied with wraps, utterly unconscious of what was in store for them until they came out of the timber and on to the prairie near where Union Church now stands. Here, they encountered the fury of the blizzard. Careful driving through huge drifts brought them within half a mile of home. There, they found the lane blocked with snow. The horses floundered for a time, and finally gave up, unable to drag the sled farther. Something must be done and done quickly; for the storm continued to rage, and it was getting intensely cold. Bidding the mother care for the younger children, he gave the lines to the oldest daughter and told her to drive. He led the way, plunging through the higher drifts and opening a way as best he could for the horses; and in this way, they finally reached the home.

We relate this incident for two reasons: first, to give an incident of real pioneer life; and, second, to emphasize a prominent trait in the character of

the man. The same consciousness of duty which led him and others through the hardships of war strengthened him in overcoming other difficulties during a long and useful life.

He was always prepared for emergencies, and ever ready to lift the veil of despondency. When typhoid fever prostrated the mother and four daughters, and for weeks they were helpless, and two of them passed away under the most trying circumstances, he never faltered; but day after day, he remained in constant attendance with the sick, and also managed a harvest, then ripe and ready for the reaper. His patience, fortitude and courage endured through these trials, and the family was restored to health again.

No less earnest and interested was Mr. Howser in the work of the church. He was an officer of Bethel Church for many years. Few, if any, were more regular attendants than Mr. and Mrs. Howser; few, if any, were more interested in the growth and strengthening of the church; and few, if any, were more liberal in supporting the church. He was no less loyal to his neighbors in sickness and in times of adversity, when help was needed. He was always ready and willing to render assistance and confer favors that were worth while; and this kept him in touch with the community, and nurtured friendships that were appreciated and enduring.

As the years sped, improvements were made in the home, and acres were added to the farm. But those years of toil had sapped the vigor of that stalwart frame, and it was thought best to cease this strenuous way of living. Arrangements were made to leave the farm and move to Eureka, where the younger members of the family might have better facilities for acquiring an education.

A pleasant comfortable home was secured there; but how to conform to the new way of living was the next question which arose. The cessation of an active strenuous life to one of ease and retirement was too radical a change. What could he do to while away the hours? It was rumored that he had bargained for a mercantile establishment; but the good wife said, "If you really must work, we will go back to the farm"; so the merchandising idea was dismissed. He bought additional lots, and cultivated a garden big enough to supply several families; and he converted one room of his home into a miniature cabinet shop; and it is said that many of his friends possess an old-style rocker, such as our grandparents used to have, produced by the workmanship of his hands. In these ways, many hours were whiled away in contented and useful employment.

It is more than forty miles from Eureka to his farm in Logan County; but when more than four-score years of age, he repeatedly drove his auto from Eureka to his old home, and then to Atlanta, twelve miles farther on.

But the busy useful life is ended. In the beautiful cemetery at Bethel, where so many fond memories cling, his remains are at rest; and friends, neighbors and associates view that mound as the resting place of a friend, a neighbor, a comrade, and a loyal citizen, who lives in the hearts of those who knew him best.

BETHEL CHURCH

(The Emden Notes)

THE Bethel congregation is a branch of what is known as the "Old Sugar Creek" church, whose house of worship is situated just east of Morgan Bridge, and about five miles from where Bethel Church now stands. The distance was too great for those pioneers to travel to church services, so they resolved to build a meeting-house on what was then unbroken prairie. They hauled logs from the forest, pinned them together with wooden pegs, and made a structure that was more enduring than our modern buildings.

The new congregation was organized on Nov. 26, 1854, with the following officers:

Elders:

David Bowles
William Sherley

Trustees:

Samuel Watters
David Bowles
William Sherley

Deacons:

George Ryan
Jeremiah Miller

Clerk:

Norman Sumner

Evangelist: Elder William Ryan

They worshipped in this building for eighteen years. By that time, the congregation had outgrown it; so it was sold, and a new one erected on the same site.

The new building was dedicated on Feb. 2, 1873. Rev. Henry Smithers preaching the dedicatory sermon.

On Feb. 4, 1923, at the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the second building, Mrs. Amanda Bowles Gemberling, since deceased, read a history of the church which concluded with these words:

"You will notice family names that have been on the records all through the sixty-eight years of the organization. We who were young when this building was erected are the old people now, and justly proud of our ancestors. Many of the names on the slabs that stand close to the church they loved so much tally with the names in this history."

In writing about this celebration, Elias L. Carnahan said:

"Country churches generally are gradually weakening and are fast going out of existence, because of the rapid expansion of village and city churches. The membership being constantly transferred to city churches renders those in the country too weak to be self-supporting; and the inevitable results follow.

"But Bethel, the pride of the community, still stands unshaken against the changes of time. She holds her rank and standard to the highest mark; and her membership is almost as large as it was twenty-five years ago.

"However, the membership has greatly changed. Then the front seats were filled with fathers and mothers whose hair was tinged with gray; now, few of those familiar faces are seen. Instead, we see a group of younger persons. But their zeal for the Master's cause and their activity in service is fully equal to that of their ancestors. This organization is composed of the very best material. The officers in charge are able, faithful, and devoted to the cause; and under their leadership, the church is sure to grow and prosper, and continue to be a blessing to the community."



1926



SOME FRIENDS

[Note: The biographies which follow are of pioneer friends and neighbors of your grandparents. Each one was written by some member of the subjects' respective family, and published in the local paper.

To avoid repetition and the inclusion of matter of only local interest, parts have been left out of each sketch as it originally appeared. To secure uniformity, I have taken the liberty, in some instances, of making slight changes in form.

These articles give the most interesting account of pioneer life in Central Illinois that I have found.—M. L. H.]

WILLIAM AND FRANCIS RYAN

(Amanda Bowles Gemberling in Emden News)

WILLIAM RYAN—farmer, soldier, preacher, associate judge, and warm personal friend of Abraham Lincoln—was born Aug. 1, 1800, in Virginia. He lived there until he was eighteen years of age, and then moved to Logan County, Kentucky.

In 1822, he was married to Francis Edgar. They spent the first few years of their married life in Kentucky; but hearing so much about the fertile prairies of Illinois, they resolved to seek their fortunes here.

They started in September, 1830. Their belongings and three children were loaded into an ox cart, and the mother rode a horse belonging to her brother who accompanied them and assisted in driving the oxen. They were just three weeks in making the trip, and arrived at Elkhart, Logan County, Illinois on September 24, 1830. There being no roads at that time, they had followed Indian trails all the way.

They settled in a cabin near where Morgan Bridge now spans Sugar Creek. Our mother, his oldest daughter, has often said that she wished she could picture to us their first Illinois home. It was built of logs from the forest. The floors were of split logs, and the windows were covered with greased paper or cloth. They had to depend on their fireplace for heat and part of their light, and for cooking. In this rude cabin, they entertained Abraham Lincoln when he made trips through that part of the country. Here, too, Alexander Campbell, founder of the Christian church, found cheery welcome while on a horseback trip through the West from his home at Bethany, Virginia. It was here they spent the winter of the deep snow.

That was the worst winter ever experienced in the West. Snow began falling on the 26th day of December, 1830, and continued, with only short intermissions, for many days. Deer huddled along the banks of Sugar Creek, and were devoured by great timber-wolves. Huge packs of wolves coursed the woods, and grew fat on venison. Uncle Billy, as he was later known, had four small pigs which he tried to save by keeping them in a high rail-pen; but the wolves got them. After the snow had crusted so the deer could run over it, he scooped the snow out of his pen and used it for a trap. The deer would fall in and become an easy prey, furnishing the family with plenty of fresh meat.

In April, 1832, he went as a soldier in the Black Hawk War, leaving his family in the home; but they were well cared for, and did not spend a single night alone while he was away.

Six years later, he built a home on the edge of the prairie, the first one located there. He moved to it one day in December, 1836. When he started, it was a warm slushy day, and he had only about a mile to travel. But a cold wind swept across the prairie, and inside of thirty minutes the ground was frozen hard. The wagon stuck fast; and he was almost frozen when he reached the new home and started a fire with flint and steel. Some drovers who were on the prairie lost their herd, and one man and his horse perished. Another man, who made his way to the settlement by holding on to his horse and running beside him, had his feet and hands so badly frozen that they came off.

In 1839, he and his wife joined the Christian Church at Sugar Creek. He immediately began preaching, and is still remembered by the older settlers of Logan, Tazewell and De Witt Counties as their pioneer preacher. He spoke

in dwellings, mills, school houses, or wherever he could get an audience. His favorite admonition was, "Remember the warnings on Mt. Sinai".

The principal trading points at that time were Fort Clarke, later Peoria; Springfield; Mackinaw; and Pekin; the last being the most important. Mackinaw was a thriving village when Peoria had only two or three dwellings.

Travelers from the settlements near Mt. Pulaska when enroute to Pekin always made Uncle Billy's their stopping place and always found the latchstring out. He did his own blacksmithing, and was a good carpenter; so could lend his aid to others in these lines, and he did so willingly. When new settlers came to the neighborhood, his home was theirs until they could provide one for themselves.

Much of their living came from the streams which abounded with fish, and the timber which contained deer and wild turkeys. The prairie afforded the prairie chicken, rabbit and quail, while the ponds supplied an abundance of wild ducks and geese. He was a great hunter and a good provider. As soon as he could break out some of the prairie, it produced abundantly anything that he planted. Mills along the streams and run by water power ground their grains into flour and corn meal.

The first circus to visit this county came in 1838. People gathered for many miles to see the great sight. There being no bridges then, the two elephants often had to push the dingy wagons, about a dozen in number, through the mire.

From 1855 to 1858, he was an associate judge under Judge Ruben Davis. He was a staunch friend of Abraham Lincoln and often entertained him when Mr. Lincoln passed through on trips from Springfield to northern localities. His son, J. H. Ryan, in an interview published in a California paper said:

"Do I remember Lincoln? Well, I should say I do. I have often played baseball and 'hop toad' with him. He used to stop at our house away back in '48. He would come riding along on a little horse, his knees doubled up so his feet wouldn't drag the ground. He nearly always stopped off at our house for the night. My father and he soldiered together in the Black Hawk War, and were good friends. He'd ride up to the house, climb off his horse, knock at the door, and say, 'Howdy Fanny' to my mother when she came to let him in. She would say, 'Howdy, Abe'; and he was our guest for the night.

"He always played games with us children. 'Come on boys, let's play hop toad', he used to say. I can remember how he looked as though it were only yesterday. Then after supper, he and Father would argue; always in a friendly way, however. Father was a rabid abolitionist, while Lincoln was just as strong an emancipationist.

"In 1855, the county-seat was changed from Postville to the new town called "Lincoln", and a brick court-house was built. It was the first brick building I had ever seen. It was two stories high, and about 36 by 40 feet in size. After it had been completed, I went there with some other boys to inspect the building, as boys will. Who should I see when I entered the court room on the second floor but Abe! It had been a long time since we had met, but he remembered me. 'Why, Hello Jody', he said, siezing me with that great big hand of his. Then, 'Have any of you boys got a ball: let's go down and have a game'. So down we went and into the courtyard. We chose sides, and had a game of three-cornered-cat. But Abe broke up the game when he knocked the ball clear across the street and into the lumber yard. We never did find it. That was the last time I ever saw him. Our family have always been 'Lincoln worshipers', because we think he was the greatest man of all time."

Uncle Billy was a great lover of children and never tired of doing things to amuse them. We used to have two get-together meetings each year as long as he lived here. One was at Christmas; and the other on the first day of August,

to celebrate his birthday. He always had fine watermelons for the latter occasion, even though it came so early in the season. He was a great gardener and fruit grower, and could not be surpassed in growing flowers.

He helped to build the first Bethel meeting-house, he and his wife were charter members of the church, and he became its first preacher. He would travel for miles to perform a wedding ceremony, preach a funeral, or do whatever might be necessary to accommodate a friend or help a fellow man.

The wife and mother passed away in 1850, leaving him and six children to mourn her loss.

His second wife was a splendid woman and a true helpmate. They moved to Barton County, Missouri in 1876. He was public-spirited to the last and held the office of Public Administrator when he died on March 29, 1878.

[Note: Mrs. Gemberling was the daughter of David Bowles, and the wife of David H. Gemberling. Her intelligent devotion to parents, husband, family, community and church, endeared her to all who knew her; and her interest in many subjects, both practical and cultural, gave her a rich and, doubtless, a happy life. Her death occurred at almost the same time as your grandfather's, and she now sleeps within the shadow of the church about which her life was centered.—M. L. H.]

DAVID AND ELIZABETH BOWLES

(Mrs. D. H. Gemberling in Emden News)

DAVID BOWLES, or Uncle Davie, as he was familiarly called by all his friends and neighbors, was born March 13, 1825, in Bourbon County, Kentucky. He was the third from the youngest of thirteen children. His father had been married twice, and he was of the younger set of children.

In 1830, he came with his father to De Witt County, Ill., and settled on a farm near where the town of Hallsville now stands. Here he grew to manhood, working on the farm when old enough. His father was a preacher, and spoke all through Central Illinois, so was away from home much of the time.

David Bowles had little chance to attend school in that early day, but he improved every opportunity he had for study, and his father helped him what he could. He had a good voice, and studied music at every opportunity. He has told us how he used to sing when the scale consisted of only a few notes; and we can remember when he learned and sang songs by using the old figure-note system.

He took writing lessons when a young man from a writing teacher by the name of Tarbell, and, strange to say, after we children were old enough to write, the same teacher, then an old man, came to this neighborhood and taught a term of lessons at Bethel school house; and he took a second course of lessons in company with us.

On May 8, 1845, at her home, which was the first house built on the edge of the prairie, he was married to Elizabeth Ryan, oldest daughter of William Ryan, the ceremony being performed by his older brother, Walter P. Bowles. These young people had lived twenty-five miles apart, but the families were intimate, both the fathers and an elder brother being preachers, and working much together. They made the journey to their new home on horseback, two younger brothers accompanying them.

On the occasion of their sixtieth wedding-anniversary my father gave an interview to the editor of this paper as follows:

"You might say that we started without a dollar. My father had made me promise not to leave him while he lived, so my wife consented to marry and live with him and my mother, which we did until their deaths. My father made a will leaving his little farm to his youngest sons, David, Jessie and William, and his personal estate to his older children. He died in about a year and a half after our marriage, and my mother in less than two years.

"We were thus thrown out with practically nothing to start with except a little real-estate. Our fathers had given each of us a horse and our mothers, a bed. This was our outfit; with not a dollar in cash. I sold the coat I was married in to purchase a second-hand set of dishes from an aunt who was returning to Kentucky.

"Our first table was a ten-bushel box, and we used the inside for a cupboard to keep dishes in. Neither was afraid to work. I cut up shock corn for our meat and bread, and my wife spun and wove our clothing. I raised two crops in De Witt County. I sold the first crop of corn for 9 cents a bushel, and the second for 11 cents; and we boarded the men, and furnished a lot for them to feed their stock in.

"In the winter of 1848, I sold our little real estate for \$640, and in the spring of 1849 came to what was then known as Big Prairie and located

in what is now the northern part of Orvil Township, Logan County. I had just \$640 with which to make a home. I first paid \$240 for 20 acres of timber located in the forks of Sugar Creek. My brother-in-law, G. G. Ryan, and I bought a land warrant good for 160 acres, for \$116; so I started out on 80 acres with \$298 of my \$640 spent. We had no home, and no prairie broke, and only \$340 to build a house, fence the home and break the sod, before we could raise anything. Of course we had to borrow some money to start with. I paid twelve per cent interest at first, and ten per cent later.

"We got our house up and enclosed in 1849, and one room, ten by sixteen, plastered. My wife had her loom up; and we cooked, ate and slept in that one room. All that winter we had my brother and my wife's brother with us, and would keep from three to five hog-drovers at a time. They would pile down on the floor to sleep, and seemed happy and contented.

"We worked along in this manner until our children grew up so they could help us some. Then we enlarged the farm to 160 acres, and afterwards to 220 acres; and the rent from it is our support in our old age.

"Let me say to the young people: 'Do not be discouraged because you are poor. Be industrious, honest, prompt to meet your promises, and live within your means. If things are a little rough-and-tumble for awhile, you will come out all right.'

"We have never tried to get rich; but have always had plenty. If what we had was not always the finest, we have been contented and satisfied. We are thankful to the Great Giver for helping us prosper; for keeping us together for so many years; and for giving us good children, good neighbors, and good friends."

The old Bowles homestead was the first built out on the then unbroken prairie. I have often heard Father say that he chose his building site to be near running water. The head of Prairie Creek starts a short distance northeast of the house in a well-defined spring that is now fed by tile which drain ponds that used to hold water the year around. The old Pekin trail ran just in front of the house.

The first house, which still stands, was constructed of hewn logs, and seems to be in good condition after seventy-five years use. It has been remodeled and added to, but the three rooms which it contained in 1875 are the same yet. They reared their family in those three rooms and probably entertained more friends than any other family in the neighborhood. Theirs was the preacher's home; many sick neighbors were cared for; and, though their room was so limited, they boarded teachers, travelers, or anyone seeking shelter. The writer's bed was in the kitchen, and a clean white curtain hid the trundle-bed that was pushed underneath.

People then were just as cleanly as they are today, but their accommodations were more limited. Such a thing as overshoes had not been heard of. When our shoes became worn, Father would get a last to fit from his bunch of seven, and proceed to put on a patch or a half-sole as needed. When the weather was too bad for them to work out of doors, Father and the boys would mend harness, make shoe-pegs, or repair machinery. He made our brooms from broom-corn raised on the farm. He would make a hole through a board on the fence and have us children clean the heads of seed by pulling them back and forth through the hole. Then he would make the broom-corn into almost as good brooms as we buy today. He made brush brooms out of dogwood brush, and used them to clean the yard with, instead of using a rake.

In those days, we could not buy canned goods, neither did people understand canning as we do now; so, much of the fruit was dried. Father built a drying-house which had a capacity of three bushels of the dried fruit. We would use what the family needed, trade some of it at the store for groceries, and give much to our neighbors who had none. The dried cherries were de-

licious; and Mother's dried-apple and dried-peach turnovers were among the delicacies of those days. Father was a good provider; and in the fall, he polished his spade, and he and the boys made sauerkraut by the barrel. From the time we can remember, he kept bees, and we had a good supply of honey. He raised a patch of sorghum each year, and we always had a barrel of molasses. These spread on slices of home-made bread, from flour ground at the old water mills along the streams, furnished materials for lunches between meals.

Each fall, Father would make a trip to the river, or get some one to make it for him, to get a supply of fish for winter use. Often, Uncle Felix Ryan would take Father's team and get a supply for both. When these fish ~~had been~~ cleaned, dressed and frozen, they would keep fresh all winter. They were cheap and plentiful; and so large that if I were to tell you how long the ribs were, you could scarcely credit it.

We can still remember seeing bunches of deer crossing the prairie, and Grandfather Ryan often brought us a quarter of venison when he had been successful in killing a nice one. Father found a tiny one in the timber when we were children, and brought it home to us for a pet. A happier set of children would be hard to find. She made a great pet, and was as anxious to be fondled as a kitten. Like Mary's lamb, she followed us to school; and some of the older settlers remember how she once spoiled the morning song. She wanted to go into the schoolroom with the children, but the teacher closed the door against her. She lingered near until they started the morning song. The noise startled her; and she spread out her tail like a fan, cleared the west fence with a bound, and made a bee-line for home. The fun she created spoiled the song, for both teacher and pupils joined in the merriment.

Doctors were few and far away in those days, so many of the old settlers made their own remedies. We remember huge bunches of dried herbs, and of watching people manufacture home-made salves. Grandfather Sheets would come to our house to gather buds from a great Balm of Gilead tree that stood in our yard. He would make the salve, and give mother a box of it for furnishing the buds.

The mode of travel in those days was on horseback, or in wagons, sleighs and bob-sleds. Imagine taking a trip of twenty-five miles in a lumber wagon to see relatives; and we found time to go oftener then than we do now in our automobiles. People just naturally lack the stamina of those old settlers. Father hauled his grain to Pekin and Peoria, the trip requiring two days. Often, he would be delayed on the return trip until after night. As soon as he would get near enough home so we could hear him, he would start a familiar song as loud as he could sing, so we would be relieved of any anxiety.

When the Civil War broke out, Father could not go into the service because of weak eyes, but I do not think any soldier was more interested in the good of our country than he. He shouldered responsibilities for those at the front, and was ever ready with any service that could be rendered. The mail was carried from Atlanta to Delavan by stage; and I well remember sitting on the fence and waiting for it, a ten-cent paper-piece in my hand to pay for a paper containing war news. The letters then were left at the Big Prairie post-office, but papers must be bought from the driver of the stage.

After the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville railroad was built, the mail came to Emden, then called Snyder'sville. Then we went there for our mail, and often did not get it but once a week. There were no daily papers taken in the country and we had to depend on the weeklies for our news. The new railroad caused much excitement, because most of us had rarely seen a train. I was twenty-five years old before I had ridden in one.

When the children had all left home and our parents began to feel the effects of their years, they turned the farm over to my brother and retired to a pleasant home in Emden. Here, close to a good church and surrounded by kind friends, they lived out their allotted days. Mother passed away Aug. 9, 1906, and Father on May 21, 1911.

ELIAS AND CATHARINE CARNAHAN

(E. L. Carnahan, 3rd in Emden News)

ELIAS LANGUM CARNAHAN, son of William T. and Francis Carnahan, was born Oct. 17, 1804, near old Fort Recovery, Ohio, where General Anthony Wayne organized the army that defeated the Indians at the battle of Fallen Timbers. His parents came from Virginia to Ohio about 1797, when that part of the country was an unbroken forest, inhabited principally by Indians. Here, he acquired a limited education in such schools as the frontier afforded.

On Jan. 22, 1828, he was united in marriage to Miss Catharine Martin.

They began housekeeping on a farm three miles east of Greenville, the present county-seat of Darke County. In this home, a family of ten children were born to them, two of whom died when quite young.

One mile east of their home was a Christian or Disciple church where the family received its religious instructions. The father was a deacon in the organization; and, living near the church as he did, his home was the stopping place for both the local preachers and the traveling evangelists.

In 1854, he brought his family to Illinois. It then consisted of himself and wife; the aged grandmother, Francis Carnahan, whose remains now rest in Bethel Cemetery; and the unmarried children.

He purchased 320 acres of land in Orvil Township, Logan County, from George Edgar, who had homesteaded it from the government.

The first crop of wheat raised on 40 acres of the new home farm by Grandpa Carnahan brought him \$1100, and the greater portion of it was sold to the new settlers for seed and milling purposes. The next two crops of wheat were cheats—the farmers sowed wheat, but raised only bounteous crops of worthless cheat. These two failures settled the wheat growing for a number of years, and corn became the staple product. Immense crops of corn were raised, and overproduction caused it to decline in value.

The years 1858-1860 were known as the period of hard times. Corn sold for 10 cents a bushel, and swine for 3½ cents a pound. More than a few of the settlers lost their homes, being unable to meet living expenses and pay a high rate of interest for the use of money. In a few instances, corn was used for fuel, being cheaper than wood or coal.

In 1855, the sons and daughters who were married began migrating to Illinois. This state presented many new features to these families from Ohio who were accustomed to a rough timbered country. They had changed to a seemingly boundless prairie of level or undulating land, with not a forest tree in sight save some lonely cottonwoods that had defied the fires and storms that swept over the country. Hundreds of acres of what is now known as the William Scully tract of land was a waste, and in the spring of the year it had the appearance of a vast swamp. On many of the new farms that were being improved, there was much waste land from lack of drainage. It is difficult to conceive how such a waste could be made to appear as it does now—the whole country almost like a suburban garden.

These Buckeye and Hoosier pioneers now had red-roots instead of stumps, and miry sloughs and sticky mud instead of gravel hills and rocky hillsides, to contend with when plowing; instead of wild turkeys and pheasants, they had prairie-hens, quails and numerous species of wild water-fowls, to afford them

amusement; and instead of raccoons, opossums and porcupines, they were annoyed by wolves, gophers and ground-squirrels.

The second year after the old gentlemen came to Illinois, the 40 acres of wheat stubble was turned under and this field was planted to corn. A new planter, one of the first patented, was purchased. It was much like those in use at the present time, only the driver's seat looked much like a carpenter's saw-horse, and the boxes that held the corn were of wood. The dropping was done by a boy who sat in front of the driver, and worked a lever which controlled the plates.

Fuel was one of the serious drawbacks in the pioneer life of this country. It was quite a task to haul fire-wood eight or ten miles from the timber bordering on Sugar Creek, cut it into stove lengths, and keep two stoves running during the winter months. So, too, was the making of posts to fence in a farm or pasture. Lumber was so difficult to obtain and so costly that many of the early settlers bought a few acres of timber, cut poles sixteen to twenty feet long, split them into halves and quarters, and fastened them instead of boards to the posts. Such fences were used until the hedges were high enough and strong enough to turn stock.

These pole fences, as they were called, were the winter resting-places of the thousands of prairie-chickens that were found everywhere at that time. After severe cold weather and heavy snows had continued for some time, and there came a warm sunshiny day, we have seen these fences seemingly covered with the birds, sunning themselves for hours; and the hunters could approach very close to them before they would fly away. Hunters came from far and near, in the early autumn, to slay these wild fowls for domestic purposes and to supply eastern markets. They would come to Lincoln or Atlanta, hire a horse and open rig, and, accompanied by a good bird-dog or two, drive out on the prairie and secure three or four dozen birds during a day's hunt.

The water-fowls were no less inviting to the nimrods. The tall grass along the streams and around the ponds afforded excellent cover, and the hunters could secrete themselves and have fine sport. It is said on good authority that Nelson Watters killed enough Mallard ducks in two seasons, that the downy feathers saved from them were amply sufficient to make a good feather-bed.

Uncle Elias, as he was familiarly addressed, soon became weary of long drives after fire-wood, and decided that it was cheaper to buy coal. Peoria afforded a good market for farm products; and soon nearly all of the farmers were hauling grain to Peoria, and bringing back coal. It took three days to make the round trip. The first day, they would drive to Groveland, Tazewell County; the second day, they would go from Groveland to Peoria, seven miles, sell their grain, do their trading, call at the coal pit for their load of coal, and drive back to Groveland, where they would stay over night again; and the third day, they came home.

This was a hazardous trip during the winter season, as they were frequently caught out during severe storms and very cold weather; and they had to travel newly-marked roads, with many streams and few bridges. They were often subject to suffering and delays. One night, away back in the '60's, I remember hearing the musical sounds made by the wagon wheels as they plowed their way through the frozen snow, which told us that Uncle Elias was nearing home from a trip to Peoria. When he drove into the lot, his limbs were so numb from the cold that he could not move. After walking until his strength was exhausted, he had been obliged to ride the rest of the way. He was taken down, carried into the house, and rubbed until his circulation was restored.

Harvest-time was another season of the year that caused the pioneers no little worry. To the people of Ohio, it meant ten to twenty acres of wheat, five or ten acres of oats, a small field of flax, and a few acres of meadow, to care for. To the man on the prairies of Illinois, it meant from 40 to 100 acres of wheat, 25 acres of oats, 10 acres of blue stem, and, possibly, a few acres of rye. Those hardy backwoodsmen from Ohio knew how to handle a cradle

or a scythe, but to tackle 40 acres of grain with those implements was out of the question.

Some inventive genius came to the rescue with what was called the Bloomington ten-foot Reaper. It was a wonderful machine for that time; and when the farmers saw it, examined it, and watched it work, they said, "It will do the work, and do it well; but it will take a whole neighborhood of farmers to keep it going". Even so, they were only too glad to accept it.

A description of this machine is too involved to be easily understood by one who has never seen it. Suffice to say, it cut a ten-foot swath of grain, was driven by four horses that walked behind it, and was operated by two men. One of the operators drove the horses, and guided the machine by a lever attached to a wheel in the rear, and the other raked the grain off the platform on to the ground into bunches. Besides the two machine-men, its use required from seven to ten men to bind the grain into bundles, two boys to gather the bundles into piles, two more-experienced men to shock the grain, and, last but not least, a water boss—making sixteen persons in all. Such a machine with this force behind it would harvest 18 to 25 acres in a day, 20 acres being considered an average day's work.

In the harvest of 1857 or 1858, we started to cut wheat in a certain field. For a week or more, I had seen a mother doe going to and from that field, so I asked the harvesters to look out for the fawn I felt sure was hidden in it. On the afternoon of the second day, when the field was nearly finished, I heard a shout, and, on turning around, observed two of the binders in pursuit of a pretty little spotted fawn. After a chase of perhaps five minutes duration, it was caught by one of them. We kept it for some time in a large dry-goods box. After that, he was as docile as a pet lamb, and was allowed the freedom of the farm. He wore a red collar around his neck, and to this was attached a large sleigh-bell. He frequently followed me to school. The neighbor boys would bring their dogs, but keep them tied. I would coax him as close to the school yard as he would go, and then the dogs were turned loose. Away he would go, with the dogs in pursuit for about a mile, when, being distanced, they would turn back. I have seen six or eight deer, old and young, come up with the milk cows in the evening, play and gamble about until sunset, and then one by one disappear into the tall grass.

The women of those times bore their share of the hardships of frontier life. Some of them spun yarn and did the knitting of socks and hose for the whole family. As late as 1859, the yarn was spun and my mother knit socks or hose for each member of our family; and there were six of us at the time. She also knit mittens for the two oldest children, who were going to school. The women made the clothing for the whole family except the father; and very often, his best suit was homespun jeans. Clothing was made by hand, as sewing machines did not come into use until several years later. There were carpet weavers in every community, and Mother's first rag carpet after she came to Illinois was woven by a neighbor.

There were very few orchards old enough to bear at the time of which I am writing. Apples were a luxury. There were two peach orchards in that neighborhood that were bearing as early as 1858. For one or two seasons, these supplied to a limited extent the wants of the community adjacent to Bethel. Pumpkins, squashes, wild gooseberries, wild grapes and plums, were the main dependencies for pies, puddings, butters and preserves. Then there was a plant growing wild on the prairies known as sheep sorrel. The stalks and leaves were quite sour, but the roots were very sweet. Many, many pies have I eaten that were made of this sorrel.

I frequently visited my grandparents when I was young; and well do I remember when supper time came and we had what people now call a lap-supper. Grandma would have us seated near the kitchen fire, and there we would enjoy a bowl of mush and milk. The mush was not made of bolted meal either. It was fresh, just from the watermill; and after being sifted and boiled in water, it seemed to retain all its sweetness. It sure was delicious enough for a King.

Sociability was another characteristic of the pioneer. No matter how busy the time or season, there was anyway time for a neighborly visit and a social chat. If one farmer had to make a trip to Lincoln or Atlanta, he would do shopping for the whole neighborhood; and was served accordingly by others in return. Spelling schools and singing schools were patronized by young and old.

Frequently, pranks were played on some one by a number of individuals, just for amusement. For instance: It was known in the neighborhood that Jeremiah Miller intended to go to Kinman's Mill on the Mackinaw, on a certain day to get some wheat ground into flour. It was a long way there, and Mr. Miller made all necessary arrangement the evening before, so he could get an early start in the morning. When he arose early in the morning, he could not find his wagon. Calling for his lantern which contained a tallow candle, he started a search. He found the wagon box in the garden, the running gears astride the smoke-house, and the sacks of grain in the corn-pen. His early start was a failure. Such tricks were common in those days, and the victim only waited for an opportunity to get even. These jokes were taken good naturedly, and gave the people something to laugh at and talk about.

The old schoolhouse where Grandfather sent his younger children was not unlike many others erected in the 50's. It was about twenty-four by thirty feet, with a seven foot ceiling. A three-and-a-half by six foot door was in front, and three windows on each side. A passage way, about three feet wide, extended from the door to the teacher's desk in the rear. Two rows of boards, one higher than the other, afforded seats and writing desks for the older pupils. In the center of the room, on either side of the passage way, were two benches made of slabs; and these were for the little fellows. I can well remember when my associates and I sat day after day with our feet dangling in the air because our legs were too short to allow our feet to touch the floor. It was tiresome, to say the least; and one did not dare to go to sleep for fear of falling, there being no backs to these seats.

Reading, writing and arithmetic were the leading branches of study; and I say without fear of successful contradiction that there were more spellers who were proficient then than there are now. In this small room, for several years, forty to fifty pupils attended school. Although the prairies were sparsely settled, the patrons were scattered over a wide expanse of country. The school district comprised about thirty square miles, and probably twenty-five different families were represented.

Schooldays were soon ended for Grandpa's children. Three of the sons enlisted in the army; and in the closing days of the Civil War, he and his devoted wife were alone. Twice each week he might be seen going on horseback to the Big Prairie post-office to hear from the boys and to get the latest news of the war. I can remember that morning in April, 1865 when it was heralded over the land that President Lincoln had been assassinated. The good old man shuddered with emotion and wept like a child. But he lived to see the country he loved so well victorious, and Old Glory once more waving over a united people.

On Oct. 7, 1874, in the autumn of the year when the leaves were falling, his spirit took its flight. Grandmother lived for a time in Emden, but spent most of her declining years at the beautiful home of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Lottie Quisenberry; and it was there she died, in 1892.

[Note: Mr. Elias L. Carnahan, 3rd was the son of William Carnahan, and only a few years younger than your grandparents. For many years, he has been the community's lay preacher, scribe and mentor. The venerable Rev. T. T. Holton once said that the single word which best describes Mr. Carnahan's life is "useful".—M. L. H.]

JOHN AND MARTHA MATLOCK

(Vira Matlock in Emden News)

JOHN MATLOCK, son of George and Anna Young Matlock, was born November 19, 1828, near Bloomington, Indiana. He did not have the educational advantages that the children of today do; he went to school for a few months in the winter, but during the rest of the year had to stay home and work. Grandfather Matlock was a veterinary; and made coffins, as caskets were then called.

Martha Glenn, daughter of James and Nancy Douglass Glenn, was born September 10, 1828, near Charleston, South Carolina. Her father was very poor, and they lived in a log house. The logs were hewn, and the cracks filled with clay. There was a large living room and kitchen, and one room up stairs. Pine trees and hickorynut trees grew in the yard. Many negroes lived near them. Tallow candles were burned in those days; and the negro children would steal their candles, and eat them as the children of today eat candy. Biscuits were a great rarity, and they only had them when company came; so the children were glad to see visitors arrive.

James Glenn became dissatisfied with the South because so many were buying slaves, which he did not think was right; and he decided to move with his family to Indiana. In the fall of the year, they started on the long tedious journey from South Carolina to the new home. The trip was made in a covered wagon, and required six weeks. The old wagon in which they rode is now owned by a man at Salem, Indiana. It is over one hundred years old, but in a good state of preservation, and is kept as a relic. It is very different from the wagons of today, the bed being boat-shaped.

Martha Glenn was only five years old, but she distinctly remembered many incidents of the journey. The road through the mountains was especially difficult and dangerous, and all but the two youngest children got out and walked. At one place, there was scarcely room for them to pass between the mountain and the French Broad river. A short time before, a man passing there was thrown into the river and drowned, when his team became frightened. One evening, they were afraid to make a fire and cook their supper for fear of being visited by panthers which had been attracted by the smell of cooking meat, so they had to make out on what they had already prepared.

On arriving in Indiana, the Glenns selected as their home a farm located about eight miles south of Bloomington. They had to endure all the hardships of frontier life. Martha attended a country school which was a mile from her home. It was built of logs, and the seats were without backs. She attended church at Bloomington, and rode the distance of eight miles on horseback. When she was older, she worked to help the family income. She was employed in a home where there were six in the family. Besides helping in the house she did the milking, night and morning; and received seventy-five cents a week for her work.

John Matlock and Martha Glenn were married on Thursday, August 1, 1849, at the old Glenn homestead. The next day, they went on horseback to Grandfather Matlock's, and lived there through the next winter. In the spring, they moved to Aunt Polly Goodwin's place, and farmed her land for three or four years.

They decided to try life in the West, as Illinois was then called; so in the fall of the year, they sold their crop in the field, and made arrangements to come

out here. They had one horse, and Grandfather Matlock loaned them another. They soon got their few belongings together, put them in a covered wagon, and started for Illinois. It took them a week to make the journey. Grandfather Matlock came too, so he could take his horse home; and he returned on horse-back.

This is what they had to bring to their new home in the West: Two children, William and Sarah; their clothes and bedding, and a few dishes; \$50 in gold, and a little change; and one horse. They were anxious to have that gold as secure as possible, so they put it in a teapot in the bottom of the big box which held their clothing and bedding, and nailed the lid on the box. I have in my possession today one of the old-fashioned woolen bedspreads that was in that box. It is red, white and black, and is woven in brickwork. Mother helped to make it, and I prize it very highly.

When they first came to Illinois, they lived for a while with the family of Jake Hawes, on what is now known as the Tomp Sumner farm. Mother paid \$1 a week for their board, and helped with the work. Father helped dig wells, and husked corn, that fall. After corn-husking time, they moved over to the Jerry Miller place, one-half mile west of the Bethel church, and lived with the Miller family about three months. Aunt Sarah Ann Miller was very kind to them, and a warm friendship grew up between them which lasted all their lives.

They then built a little house, twelve by fourteen feet, on the southeast corner of the Miller farm. One morning in the spring, Mother was sitting by the open door, sewing. She heard a noise, and, looking up, saw a herd of thirteen deer running past the house. They ran southwest and stayed awhile; then came back as fast as they could run, and made for the timber. Uncle Jerry Miller often went hunting, and was very successful in securing a deer to bring back with him. He would tie a rope to it, fasten the other end of the rope to his saddle, and drag the deer along on the snow. He usually gave our folks one-half of the meat.

They lived at this place about a year, and then moved the house with oxen over to the Shively farm which they had bought. They moved from there to the place now occupied by Joshua Montgomery, which they bought from Joshua Houser. Then they bought 80 acres of the home place. They had a failure in a wheat crop, and let the Montgomery 80 go back. They moved to the Howser farm and lived there during the war.

They knew something of the hardships of life. When they came to Illinois, they had only one horse. They bought another horse, and it died. They bought a second horse, and it died before the first one was paid for. They did not own a cow, and were too poor to buy one.

Aunt Sarah Ann Miller gave them milk to use. Each morning, William Matlock would go from the Howser place to the Miller home to get the milk, and, very often, Mrs. Miller would drop a lump of butter into the pail for them. They had no chickens; and Aunt Lizzie Bowles told them to come over and visit her, and she would give them a start. They went over one evening, and stayed all night; and in the morning when they were ready to go home, those good people gave them six hens and a rooster. That shows how kind those neighbors were to each other.

The men had to haul their grain to Pekin, a distance of thirty-five miles, as that was their nearest market. Several of the men would go at the same time; and they would stay at Pekin all night, coming home the next day. They got 10 cents a bushel for their corn, after hauling it all that distance.

They built a house on the old home place, and moved there from the Howser farm in August, 1865; and the same house still stands to this day.

Mother got her first rolling-pin by making a calico dress for a woman by the name of Margaret Smith; and John Lumbeck made her first potato masher. These are still used in the old home in preference to those of later date. I can remember when we did not have a carpet in the house. The first one Mother had was made of rags, and I helped wind the balls after the rags were sewed. And she was so proud of her carpet after it was finished.

We burned tallow candles. Mother would select a cold day for making them so they would cool quickly, and she would make enough to last for some time. She parched her own coffee for a number of years.

Our first sewing machine fastened on the table, and was turned by hand. A good many of our neighbors would come to our house to get stitching done on this machine. It made a chain-stitch; and if one got started, it would unravel faster than you could resew it. Mother made Father a pair of jeans pants which began to rip one day when he was away from home, and he had to come back home to get them sewed. After that, when she made a pair of pants, she backstitched them by hand.

Mother's cupboard was made out of a box. Shelves were put in to set the dishes on, and a curtain hung in front. She used it for several years. Her table was a small breakfast table. When threshing time came, she always borrowed Mrs. Sherley's table, which was the same size, and put the two together. We children were kept busy carrying kettles, pans and dishes across the road. When Mrs. Sherley had threshers, she, in turn, borrowed Mother's dishes and table. We had no screen doors and windows, and we children took turns about with the flybrush, keeping the flies off the table. It was a tiresome task standing there so long, while the first and second tables of men were eating, and while the dishes were being washed for the second table.

People then did not go to so much trouble when cooking for threshers as they do now, but just gave them plenty of good substantial food. We had them for dinner and supper. I can remember how Uncle Davie Bowles enjoyed the green beans and corn bread at dinner.

We had a huge wood-pile and burned wood in three stoves. An old ash hopper stood in the southwest corner of the yard. Father would put the wood ashes in the hopper, pour water over them, and get lye to make soap. Mother made a couple of barrels of soap each spring. She would take lye and white corn, and make a lot of hominy. Her big boiler of hominy was just getting done about the time we children came home from school. We were always hungry, and we could hardly wait for supper time to come so we could get some of that hominy. We would each get a saucer and spoon, and Mother would fill our saucers with the hominy. Father was just as eager to get his saucer filled as any of us. We seasoned it with butter, salt and pepper; and how we did enjoy it! One helping was never enough, and we would have our saucers filled two or three times. Bro. Holton was in our home one time when we had hominy and I think he enjoyed it as much as we children did.

I well remember the big bin of apples we had in the cellar; and we could have all we wanted to take to school. Father bought a piece of land from Norman Sumner, and got half of an orchard. One year, we had many summer apples, and there was no sale for them; so we dried a lot. We sold \$60 worth of dried apples at the store that fall and took dry-goods and groceries in exchange.

I can remember the first time I ever went to Emden. Father, my sister Belle and I went in the wagon; and I began inquiring about the things I did not understand. I asked Father what that wire reaching from one tall pole to another was. He said, "Well, Patsy, that is the town clothes-line, where all the people hang their clothes to dry". Then I asked how they put them on the line when it was so high. He explained then that it was a telegraph wire. I stayed at the Burnett store and at their home while in town; and I had some wonderful stories to tell that evening when I got home.

We children rarely went to town, so we always enjoyed having the pack-peddlers come to our home. They often stayed all night at our house. We thought that their beads and laces were very pretty. Later peddlers came in new red wagons. One of these was from Peoria, and he usually stopped with us. He carried dry-goods, dishes, tinware, and many other articles. Time has brought many changes, and we now see very few peddlers.

Father generally found a nickname for everyone; and he got one that stayed with him. He had a blue soldier overcoat, with big brass buttons on it. This

coat was so long, he said it was in the way; and he had Mother cut off the bottom and make it short. Some one called him "Paddy" on account of the coat, and he was known as "Paddy Matlock" ever after.

For all that our parents started out so poor, they did not always remain so. By hard work and strict economy, they purchased 234 acres of land. Woodford Morgan got 80 acres of land by paying \$4.00 for the tax title. Father bought this land from him several years later for \$30 an acre, and spent \$500 in tiling it.

Emden was laid out in 1871. Father shipped the first load of hogs that went out from there over the Peoria, Decatur & Evansville railroad, and William Matlock hauled the first load of wheat that was marketed there.

When I was very small, the mail was carried from Atlanta to Delavan by stage. I would watch for the stage, and run out for the mail. One cold day when I ran out for the mail I was barefooted. The mail carrier told someone that if my parents were too poor to buy me shoes, he would get me a pair. I had left my shoes by the fire. Mother would tie my shoe-strings as tight as she could; but I would keep working at them until I got them untied, and my shoes off; and then I was happy.

We scarcely realize how much we owe the pioneers for what they did. It was not easy for them to break away from home and loved ones, come to a new country and endure such hardships. They were often lonesome and homesick. The prairie stretched as far as the eye could reach, with only an occasional house dotting it here and there. Mother had been used to living near the timber, and she has said that there were times when she would have given anything to hear the tinkling of the cow bells which she had been accustomed to at home.

They were the parents of seven children. All of them attended the Bethel school. Seven grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren have also gone there.

Father died at the age of 57, and Mother at 84. Although there were almost 25 years between their deaths, the same Minister, Rev. T. T. Holton, and the same undertaker, John T. Boyden, conducted their funerals.

[Note: Miss Vira Matlock was once my more-advanced schoolmate at Bethel School. Later, she was our teacher there. She claims to remember me kindly because of my (probably somewhat unexpected) mischief-is-adjourned attitude during her regime; and I recall with pleasure that it was while she taught that I made my best progress in district school.—M. L. H.]

ANDREW AND ALCINDA OGDEN

(Flora A. McCormick in Emden News)

ANDREW JACKSON OGDEN, son of Elias and Polly Ragsdale Ogden, was born in Logan County, Kentucky, February 3, 1829. He was one of a family of eleven children, six girls and five boys. They moved to Tazewell County, Illinois in 1830, just before the big snow, and built a home in the timber about two miles west of Hopedale.

A few years later, his father took sick and died while on a business trip to Kentucky, and was buried there. The care of the family then devolved upon the mother and the older children. Being the oldest of the sons, "Jack", as he was called, must have had to shoulder heavy responsibilities when quite young.

Alcinda C. Summers, daughter of Dr. Jefferson L. and Charlotte Carnahan Summers, was born in Darke County, Ohio, August 11, 1835. The family moved to Illinois about 1852, and settled near where the town of Minier now stands.

Jackson Ogden and Alcinda Summers were married August 8, 1859. A home was made on a farm west of Hopedale. I have heard my mother say that she dropped corn all day for my father while living there, corn planters being scarce in those days. They soon moved to a farm between Hopedale and Minier; and it was there that my sister and I were born.

My father was not strong enough to enlist in the Civil War, but three of his brothers did. The youngest, Ira, served six months in Andersonville Prison, and when liberated was little more than a living skeleton. He went through such intense hardships and had so little to eat that he never had good health afterwards.

In the spring of 1865, my parents made a trip in a wagon down to the southern part of the state; but seeing nothing that suited them, they returned and bought the 160 acre farm where I have made my home for many years.

My grandfather and two of his sons, Valentine and William, sold out and moved to Bourbon County, Kansas. They were so pleased with the prospects there that they insisted that my father sell out and go too; and he finally decided to do so. In the summer of 1867, he traded his farm for a herd of sheep, which up until that time had been a very profitable investment, with the intention of going to Kansas the following spring.

As there were no hedges or fences at that time, the sheep had to be herded all day and then brought home and put in pens. He, with two assistants and a shepherd dog did the herding. It was a cold rainy Fall, and, being unable to stand the exposure, my father took sick, and died Jan. 11, 1868. The house in which he died stands back of the one which I occupy.

After his death, Mother sold the sheep; but they had depreciated so much in value, and so many had died from not having sufficient shelter, that what they brought did not amount to over one-half of the value of the land traded for them but a short time before.

Although quite young at the time of my father's death, I can remember him very well and of riding behind him on a horse to Bethel Church. He was a deacon there at the time he died. I also particularly remember one trip to Pekin with a load of corn, on account of our dog, True, following him and getting lost; and because he brought home a box of dried herring.

Undaunted by her loss and sorrow, my mother took up her former occupation, and that spring taught the Willis school, now known as the Fairview school. Sister Laura and I went to school too. As I was five years old, I said my lessons, but Sister, being too young for that, took her doll and a little chair and sat by Mother.

After the spring school of 1868 closed, Mother and we girls went to our grandfather's in Kansas. Mother taught school, riding back and forth on a little Indian pony with me riding behind. Not liking Kansas, we returned to Illinois in 1871. Mother bought an 80 acre farm one mile west of the Bethel church; and lived there until her death, Jan. 30, 1896.

It was 18 years after my father traded his farm that my husband, the late William McCormick, and I bought it from Henry Beers. During the interim, it had changed hands several times.

[Note: Mrs. Flora A. McCormick was the older daughter of your grandmother's only sister. Her sound judgment, sterling character and amiable disposition, made her a particular favorite with your grandmother. Mr. McCormick was the son of a talented and respected neighbor. He was considered something of a financial genius, as well as a very useful citizen. For a number of years, he served his district as State Representative. Mrs. McCormick and her sons own a number of splendid farms lying west of the one your grandfather left. She is president of the bank managed by her oldest son, Leslie. It was he who helped your grandfather so much during his last years by looking after the farm for him. One of her remaining sons, Byron, is now located in Colorado, and expects to practice law there. The other, Dean, is connected with one of the big Chicago banks. Another son, Wayne, a young man of splendid promise and possessing the most endearing social qualities, was finally overcome by the malady which attacked him, and now rests in the Bethel cemetery. His funeral services were conducted by our own Rev. Clarence E. Lemmon, now of St. Louis, Mo.—M. L. H.]

THE OLD HOME

(J. W. Sumner in *Emden News*)

Often, in memory, I return to the old Ohio home we left so many years ago. As I go through the gate and walk up the steps which lead to the long front porch, Towser wags a welcome and I hear the tinkle of a cow bell in the pasture. With my thumb on the latch, I open the door and look into Mother's kitchen. The fireplace sends out its genial welcome, and I get the same savory smell of Johnny cakes browning before the fire that used to delight me when a hungry boy. Over at one side is the wonderful cook stove; there, the new dining table-set; and just beyond, the old cupboard with its rows of blue-rimmed dishes of which Mother was so proud.

I step through the door into the sitting room. By the fire is Father's easy chair; and Mother's rocker is over by the window. In the bedroom adjoining, I see the tall four-poster bed with canopy top, made high and luxurious with shucks and feathers. Underneath, one can see the trundle-bed which all the children occupied until old enough to be transferred to other quarters.

Then, I go out across the woodyard and up to the old barn, take a look at the stable and the grainbins, and climb up into the haymow. What happy times we once had there! I walk over to another old stable. It has but one room, and was built of logs in 1825. It was Father's and Mother's first home.

Next, I wander out to the nearby lot where Sister Louisa and I milked the cows; and I look for the milk stools, shaped so queer. The orchard gate is ajar, and, passing through, I hunt up the tall Bellflower tree with clubs lying all about it. Filling my pockets I go on through the orchard, climb the old rail fence, and across the little stream of water where I built my dam, and had a water-wheel. I walk on up the hill and over to the mulberry tree.

Then, I awake; for it is only a dream. And I remember that all is changed; only the valleys and the hills remain where once was my childhood home.

